

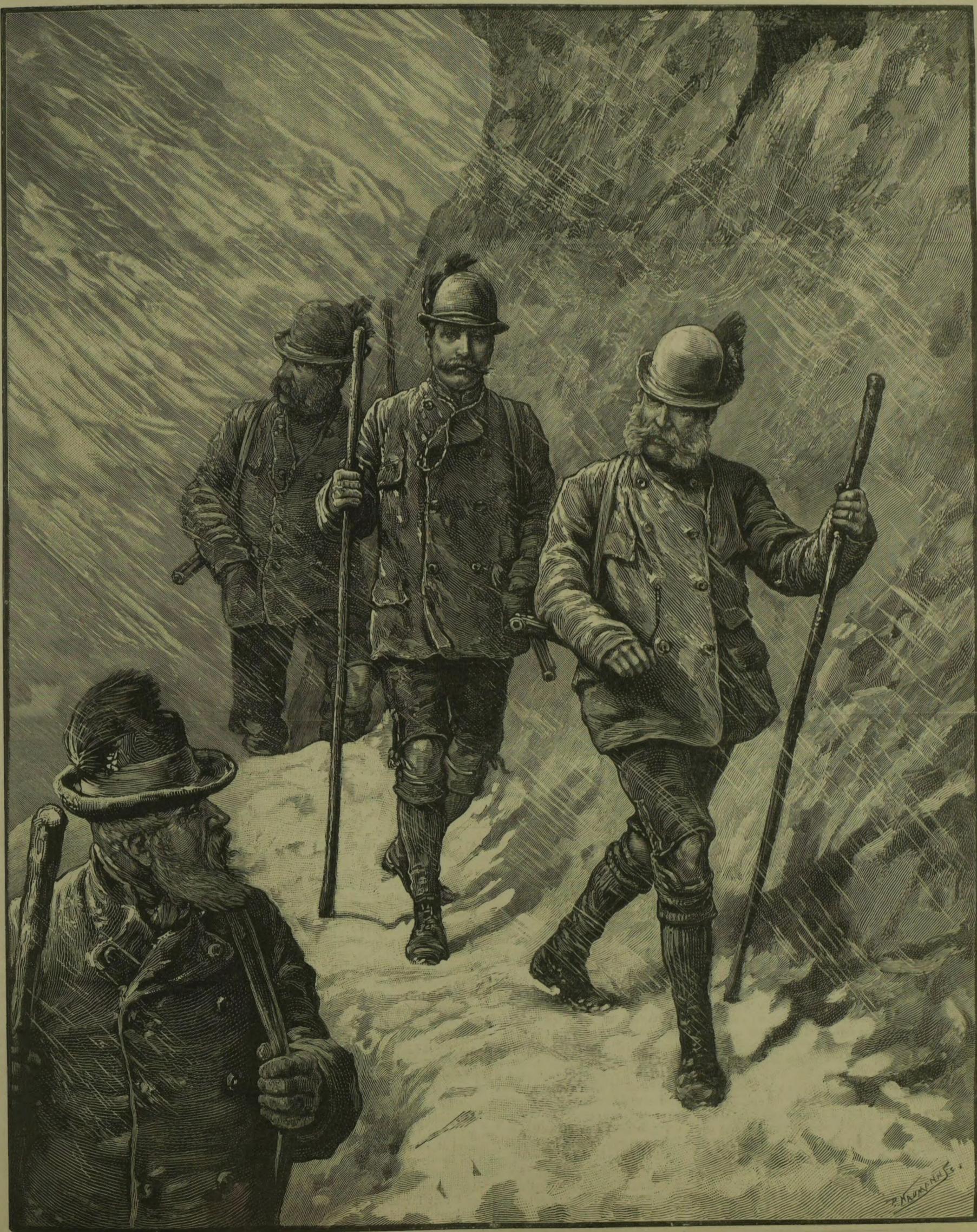
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THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, AND THE KING OF SAXONY OVERTAKEN BY A SNOWSTORM WHILE SHOOTING IN THE STYRIAN ALPS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is many years ago since a proposal was made to a certain charitable institution to place a subscription-box in the grand stand of a popular racecourse. It was urged that it would afford an opportunity for the exercise of charity to a large class of persons who had no other, and would not be disinclined to give. In the moment of success they are indeed always lavish: "Light come, light go!" is the motto for the whole fraternity; and what did not find its way into that box, there was only too much cause to fear, would be spent in anything but beneficial ways. The proposal, in short, was not only an encouragement to virtue, but a check on vice; but it was rejected. The committee of the institution would have nothing to do with a race committee. The money, they said, would be ill-got, and was therefore unacceptable—a point of morals upon which those whom it was proposed to benefit were not consulted. The Duke of Portland, I read, is now erecting a row of almshouses in commemoration of the successes of his racehorses. One is curious to see whether the persons to whom they are offered will decline the invitation. People who go into almshouses, if one is to judge by the description of them in fiction, are the best in the world: pious, cleanly, and resigned under unmerited misfortune. To put a villain into an almshouse would (to the novelist) be a sacrilege. It is the end reserved, not indeed for the heroes and heroines, who are generally "the best people" in quite another sense (smart people), but for the pattern characters, who, though unsuccessful in worldly matters, find an unspeakable happiness in that row of picturesque cottages with their porches overgrown with roses, where they sit in the sunshine, and narrate (at some length) the records of a well-spent life to the children of the squire. If these excellent persons can be induced to inhabit "boxes" built out of the successes of racehorses, I do think that charitable institutions might have boxes on the course.

It is not good form (except upon the stage, where it signifies geniality) to slap your friend upon the back. It is still more reprehensible to do so when he has got anything in his mouth—unless it is a bone far down, when the action is recommended by the faculty. A smoker in Paris has had his cigarette "unconsciously drawn into his right bronchus" by a sudden slap on the back. He was so put out by it that he forgot the cigarette altogether, and could not conceive why he got "pneumonia" and "œdema of the legs." Two months afterwards the cigarette was expelled by a cough, and he exclaimed (in French): "Why, dear me! I never finished it!" The medical world are very much surprised that it did not finish him. They are transported with admiration at the forbearance of the lung, which must have been put to great inconvenience. "Its tolerance of tobacco, even when not encysted" (insisted upon is the more usual form), was as little to be expected, they say, as from a member of the anti-cigarette society: a lesson of charity which, one hopes, will not be thrown away upon them.

Louis Gaillepand, the Parisian youth with the too excellent historical memory (whose fate, a year ago, I ventured to foreshadow in these columns), has been taken up for persisting in repeating in the street the names of the Kings of France in their proper order to a citizen of the Republic. The charge, of course, was that he demanded money for his unwelcome information; but no doubt politeness was at the bottom of it, as it is of everything else in France. If he had turned his Greek history tap on, he might not have got into trouble; but it is difficult for any lad of fifteen, however highly educated, to recognise the political opinions of a fellow-creature at a glance. However, when taken before the Judge, he so obfuscated that dignitary with a douche of dates and facts drawn from the annals of every country under heaven, that he dismissed the case as unintelligible; and that boy, with his "terrible engine of conversation," is again at large. If he comes over here—where we are already lectured and preached at to the last extremity—something must be done. For carrying a revolver—except in the case of burglars, with whom it is a "trade tool"—the law now imposes a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. Self-defence, even when one's life is attempted, is held to be no excuse for using it; but if one's reason is endangered, if the ancient mariner (in the guise of a boy) holds us with his glittering eye, or by the button-hole, while he reels off "Hume's History of England," any remedy, however desperate, will surely be justifiable.

It cannot be an unreasonable question to ask whether one who writes a book of prophecy, which turns out illusory, is not guilty of getting money on false pretences from those who purchase it. They certainly do not buy it for the style, but solely for the interest that he awakens in them by his predictions: and if they do not believe that he is telling the truth, they would never open their purse-strings. The example of the gentleman who has foisted General Boulanger upon the religious public as the Beast of the Apocalypse is a case in point. It is now clear that there was a mistake in his number. However offensive may have been his conduct, he is not the Beast. The false prophet, one takes it for granted, has personally apologised to him; but has he returned the money to his subscribers? I wish I had been fool enough to buy his book, that I might have tried this question, but the subject did not attract me. It was too familiar, and not at all welcome. Just as, when a theatre is in straits, the manager says, "I'll bill the 'Lady of Lyons,'" so, when the British Prophet is at low water, he says, "I'll try the number of the Beast." It is an elastic cap that will fit the head of anybody, and has been worn by every notoriety for nearly two thousand years.

Whether it be a matter of fact, or a fiction due to the genius of a newspaper scribe, the story of the German

millionaire who has made a Heidelberg of his own in America to remind him of the Fatherland is a touching one. A real river, which does for the Rhine, is on his estate, and this is made to roll through the (stage) historic city with the ruined castle towering above it all. The town may be of pasteboard, for all I know, but we are assured that it looks very like the real thing, and draws tears to the honest Teuton's eyes as he surveys it from his windows. The rich man has often had pictures painted for him of his favourite scenes, but this transference of the old home *en bloc* to another hemisphere is indeed a novelty. It may be a mock town, but it is not a mock sentiment that built it. If the good German could only people it with the friends of his youth—but that experiment I would not advise him to try. I have seen something like it, and it was a failure. It was a large picture of a certain garden, in which, at their favourite spots, were placed little figures of the friends of its proprietor. They were like enough, being indeed photographs pasted on wood, and of the proper size in relation to the trees and flowers, &c.; but they were uncommonly stiff, and gave one the impression of Noah and his family as known to us in childhood.

A lover of art and letters is indignant that works of imagination should be presented to the public in the same form as cookery books, or companions to the medicine-chest; he thinks that poets and novelists should adopt a medium for expressing their ideas different from the common type—the printing-press. He suggests calligraphy. A facsimile of the handwriting would, he thinks, impart "an individuality to literature." It certainly would, but it is possible there would be too much of it; in some cases the individual—that is, the individual who wrote it—would be the only person who could read it. Some authors write a wretched hand. It is not their fault, and is even to their credit; they have passed their meritorious and useful lives in elevating their fellow-creatures by their pen—a lever undreamt of by mathematicians; they have spent their spare time in writing good advice, or in answering applications for charity in the affirmative, or in sending their autographs to bazaars: but they have spoilt their handwriting by it. Some of them are famous poets, but obscure in expression. (Think of reading "Sordello" in a bad MS! No reader could do it, not even a publisher's reader.) No, calligraphy will not do. We must still use print—gold print, of course—but with some material that would be separate and select. The Iliad of Homer, we are told, was inscribed "on the intestines of a serpent, in characters of gold, forming a roll one hundred feet in length." That would be exclusive enough for any poet. Montfaucon tells us that, in 1699, he bought a book at Rome "entirely of lead; not only the two pieces which formed the cover, but all the leaves; the stick inserted into the rings which held them together, and the hinges, all were lead." Perhaps this would be too suggestive for any author; but novels might be printed on ivory, and shilling shockers on goatskins.

"There is something wanting in musicians," writes a student of human nature, "in that very region of feeling and emotion which they claim for their own"; and the late attempt to do honour to the memory of the great composer, Gluck, is certainly an example of it. To keep alive or to beautify the grave of the master who perished a hundred years ago would have been a pious act of his disciples; but to dig up the miserable remains of the man that Time has left, and sing selections from his works over them, with a full choir, was bastard reverence indeed! Among prosaic people who have no music in their souls, and make no pretence to have any, such mock solemnity would be pardonable. The charnel-house has, for the vulgar, always something sublime in it: even in their most religious ideas they are material, and regard a bone (if it be but "a relic") with far greater respect than the living thoughts men leave behind them. But one would have thought that these sons of harmony would have had better taste. "A collar-bone, three teeth, two ribs, and some flowing hair (probably from a periwig)" was what they made their music over. Certainly, there is "something wanting in musicians"; and in poor Gluck's case (a new metal coffin) there was a great deal wanting.

One of the great advantages of London life, in Bohemian opinion, is that people are not inquisitive about their neighbours. It is true that a few of us suffer from interviewers, but we can tell them what we like, and, indeed, the worse one makes oneself out to them the better they will be pleased. Nobody, except our guests, is in the least interested in what we have for dinner; no one cares whether we go to church or chapel—not even if we go to neither; you may even live by your pen, and it is not thought disgraceful, because nobody thinks about it. Of course there are cliques and sects, but the world at large does not even concern itself about them. From the comments of our fellow-creatures, as regards our own affairs, we are free. In provincial towns things are quite otherwise. There are tea-table vigilance committees who look after you, and are so good as to interest themselves about your smallest concerns. Some of them are very uncharitable. It is like dwelling in the forests of Africa, where there are dwarfs and poison-pipes. "Faith and prayers" are among the "privates of men's affairs," says the poet, but with these people there is no privacy. They want to know why you were not at chapel on Sunday. A friend of mine, in order to meet this difficulty, rented a pew at two chapels: if he was not in one, he fondly imagined it would be concluded he was in the other; but one need hardly say he went to that expense for nothing. Science has now released us from the temptation of taking that vain precaution. The late experiments at Birmingham have proved that invalids and delicate persons who dare not brave the elements can do their church-going at home, by telephone. They can hear everything, with the advantage of "the omission of the shuffling of the feet and of the talking too often prevalent among the choir." The clergy have expressed their approval of it, except

that they fear "there may be a little falling off in the matter of collections." There will not, of course, be so many people collected, but I do not see why it should affect their alms. Invalids must be more ungrateful than nurses have painted them, and in a weak condition indeed, if they cannot put their hands in their pockets. When asked to explain our absence, let us hope it will satisfy the Vigilance Committees to reply, "I have a telephone."

What is very curious, however, this convenient invention is spoken of as if it were a novelty. It is only one of those wrongs which Fiction is constantly receiving at the hands of those notorious plagiarists Science and Nature, but it is a very bad case. In an ancient author—ancient, at least, in comparison with the Birmingham "discovery"—is to be found a whole chapter devoted to church-going by telephone. "Mr. Raymond," we are told, "was liberality itself in matters of conscience, and, though an orthodox churchman, spared no expense in providing his guests with every description of religious discourse. . . . 'Let's see, you're a Sandemanian, aren't you? I believe we've got a tube from the chapel somewhere, though it has never been used. My wife and I generally take our doctrine on wet days from St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey—she is so fond of the organ. Letty, my dear, you are ritualistic, you'll find the service at St. Ethelburga's very nicely done; that's the tube, with the end shaped like a gargoyle.' . . . Tubes hung from the ceiling, and on each silver mouthpiece—or, rather, earpiece—was engraved the name of the ecclesiastical edifice with which it was connected. . . . Everybody put their gloves on at once, and took their seats, each with his favourite preacher turned on at his ear. There were also stoppers. Their use (as, unhappily, has to be explained to one member of the congregation) was not to render preaching futile, but to cut off the communication with the pulpit should anything be said with a personal application, likely to render one uncomfortable." The whole telephonic arrangement in connection with the Sunday at home has thus, it will be seen, been anticipated.

A tourist, intending to "do" Wales last month, made his financial calculations so badly that, by the time he reached the Principality, he found he had come to the end of his resources. Of course he could have put up at an hotel and waited for a remittance, but that would have been a long job, for he had no money at home: not sixpence, not a halfpenny. He therefore threw himself—no, not into the river—upon the parish. "As the applicant was likely to be a permanent charge, the guardians paid his fare to London." It was a sort of holiday, one would think, he could hardly have enjoyed, and yet there are hundreds of people among us at this moment who are doing exactly the same. They do not go to Wales, because they do not care for the picturesque; but they go to Folkestone or Brighton; dress in the height of fashion; eat and drink of the best; and have not one shilling that is not by rights their creditors', to bless themselves with. They know that the thing cannot last beyond a month or two, or perhaps a week or two, and yet they sleep like tops and are as jolly as sandboys.

IMPERIAL AND ROYAL SPORTSMEN.

The Emperor of Germany and the King of Saxony, while guests of the Emperor of Austria at Mürzsteg, in the Styrian Alps, in the first days of October, enjoyed the sport of shooting deer and chamois, or wild goats. On their arrival from Neuberg, the nearest railway station, their Majesties were greeted by the assembled peasantry of the Mürz valley. The Emperor Francis Joseph, who is quite at home there, wore the Styrian costume, with a brown cloak of homespun, and what is called a Tyrolean hat. The German Emperor wore a hat decorated with a green band and a rosette of chamois hair taken from the first chamois he ever killed. At the castle the Emperor's people, in their picturesque Styrian dress, waited in a row with torches and hunting-knives in their hands. Dinner was served immediately upon the arrival, and they soon retired for the night, as the hour for starting to the hunt next morning had been fixed for three o'clock. The Emperor and his guests drove to Mürzzuschlag, where they ascended the Schnealp, to hunt chamois. The morning was gloriously fine; but about noon, when the chamois-shooting was to begin, a snowstorm burst, of such violence that the rifles could not be aimed, and the sportsmen were in danger of being blown over the precipices. Even such a veteran hunter as the Austrian Emperor did not get a single shot, but the Emperor William brought down two chamois, and the King of Saxony bagged one chamois and three wild goats. The fog was so thick that it was impossible to see a yard in front, and sport had, consequently, to be given up. In the evening, after dinner at the castle, the Imperial party descended into the courtyard, where, on a layer of pine-branches, all the game killed during the day was laid out; the huntsmen formed a square, holding torches.

On Oct. 6 the Bishop of Oxford consecrated the churchyard at Whaddon, Bucks, the gift of Mr. Selby-Lowndes of Whaddon Hall, Stony Stratford.

A field-day was held at Wimbledon on Oct. 2, in splendid weather, by the brigade of Foot Guards at present stationed in the Metropolis, in combination with the battery of Royal Horse Artillery quartered at St. John's Wood.

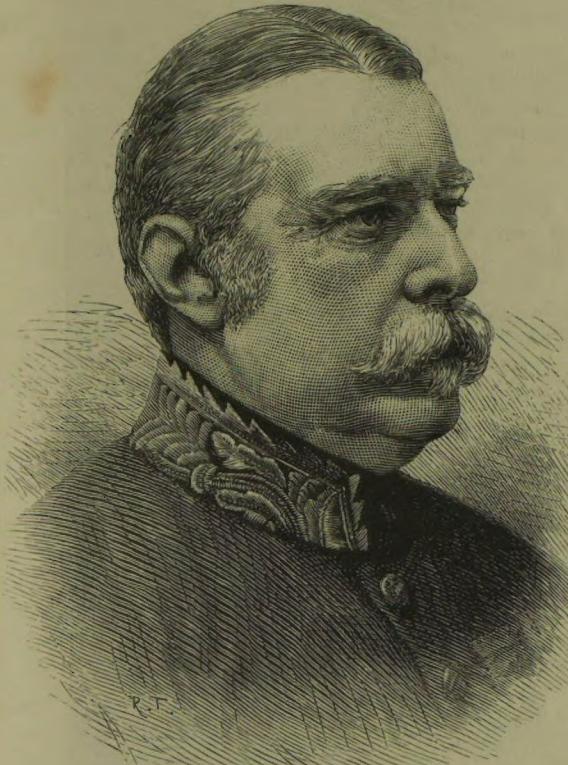
The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Zetland attended a garden party at Kennet, near Alloa, and witnessed the presentation of an address to their host and hostess, Lord and Lady Balfour, by the Clackmannan tenantry.

The members of the Irish Parliamentary party met privately in Dublin on Oct. 6, Mr. Justin McCarthy presiding. Mr. Parnell and the Tipperary defendants were among the absentees. Several resolutions were passed condemning the policy of the Government and nominating several of their colleagues to visit the United States and appeal for aid in the present struggle.

General Viscount Wolseley, on taking up the command of the forces in Ireland, has been directed to give special attention to the carrying out of the Government barrack scheme in that part of the United Kingdom. In Belfast, which is being visited by his Lordship, a sum of over £100,000 will be expended in new barracks, and altogether the amount allotted for building in Ireland is about £900,000, of which £420,000 is for the Curragh Camp. £206,000 for Dublin, and £50,000 for Enniskillen.

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR BARKLY, C.M.G.

Mr. Arthur Cecil Stuart Barkly, C.M.G., F.R.G.S., late and last British Governor of Heligoland, died on Sept. 27, at Stapleton Park, Pontefract. He was born in 1843, the son of Sir Henry Barkly, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., formerly Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, was educated at Harrow, and entered the Carabiniers in 1862. In 1866 he was appointed private secretary to the Governor of Mauritius, and to the Governor



THE LATE MR. ARTHUR C. S. BARKLY, C.M.G.,
LATE GOVERNOR OF HELIGOLAND.

of the Cape of Good Hope in 1870. In 1877 he became Resident Magistrate at Basutoland, and served in the Basuto War of 1879-80. He was afterwards Chief Commissioner of Seychelles, and Lieutenant-Governor of the Falkland Islands. In 1888 he received the appointment of Governor of Heligoland, which he held until the island was ceded to Germany. The decoration of St. Michael and St. George was conferred on him in 1889. He married, in 1873, Fanny Alexandra, daughter of Dr. Hatchard, Bishop of Mauritius.

The Portrait is from a photograph by G. Friederichs, Heligoland.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The thirtieth Church Congress opened at Hull on Sept. 30, with an official reception of the President (the Bishop of Durham) and members by the Mayor and Corporation at the Townhall. The President, attended by the prominent members of the Congress and the municipal authorities, then went in procession to Holy Trinity Church for morning service, the preacher being the Bishop of Manchester. Sermons were preached in other churches by the Bishops of Ripon and Newcastle. At two o'clock the members assembled at Hengler's Circus, which had been fitted up as the principal Congress Hall, where the Bishop of Durham, as President, delivered the inaugural address, referring generally to the principal subjects on the programme which dealt with social questions. At the conclusion of the President's address the Congress discussed the question of Church and State, which was introduced by Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P. Papers on the same subject were read by Bishop Barry, the Rev. T. Moore, Chancellor Dibden, and the Rev. M. Fuller. At the section meeting the systematic instruction in religion was discussed. In the course of the proceedings a deputation from the Wesleyan Methodists of Hull visited the Congress Hall, and an address was read by the Rev. W. Spiers, offering a cordial fraternal greeting to the Congress. The Bishop of Durham briefly replied, and said he could not but pray for some such outward unity between the Church and the Nonconformists as would show that those who owned one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism were indeed one in face of infidelity and wrong and sorrow. A deputation was also received from the Nonconformist Ministers' Union.

The Congress was occupied, in its day sittings on Oct. 1, with the discussion of Home Reunion, African Missions, and Women's Work. The Bishop of Durham presided over one of the evening meetings, at which Socialism was considered, Sir J. Gorst reading a paper on its theories and aims. At the other meeting, betting and gambling formed the subject of discussion, papers being read by the Rev. E. Carr-Glyn and Major Seton Churchill, who gathered hope of a check to the evil from the fact that certain football and athletic associations had called upon their members to discourage betting at their meetings.

There were several supplementary meetings on the 2nd, commencing with the annual breakfast of the Home Reunion Society. The Women's Help Society and the Yorks Union of Ladies' Associations for the Care of Girls held meetings, at both of which Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter was present. There was a subsequent conference, in connection with the latter body, of ladies interested in rescue work. The Dean of Manchester took the chair at a luncheon, at which the Rev. W. Carlile explained the objects of the Church Army, with a view of ultimately establishing branches in Hull, where at present none exist. The Trinity House was thrown open for the inspection of the members in the afternoon, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of the invitation. At the working-men's meeting in the evening the speakers included the Bishop of Durham, Sir J. Gorst, M.P., the Dean of Rochester, and Sir A. Rollit, M.P.

The Congress was brought to a close on the 3rd. In the morning there was a devotional meeting, and in the afternoon a discussion on country parishes. Most interest was centred in a debate on the ethics of commerce, initiated by Archdeacon Farrar, who severely denounced as immoral our whole system of trade—a view which was combated by Sir A. Rollit, M.P., who maintained that the principles upon which the trade of this country was conducted were those of which we ought to be proud. In the evening a conversazione took place in the Townhall, at the invitation of the Mayor, and this closed the Congress.

The Congress will be held next year at Rhyl.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark, the players are coming to town !!" Indeed, they have almost all come now. Mr. Wilson Barrett is waiting for the walls to dry in his New Olympic in Wych-street, on the site of what will be called the old Robson theatre; and the erratic Charles Wyndham, just when we expected him to pop up in London, pops down to Manchester instead, to show them the old "Still Waters Run Deep" with the new cast, containing Mrs. Bernard-Beere—happily nearly recovered to health—Miss Mary Moore, and the mercurial Charles, who really promises to come to the Criterion shortly, unless he changes his mind between Cottonopolis and the Metropolis. Manchester is to be congratulated—the merry Manchester, the critical Manchester, the art-loving Manchester, that, according to Mr. Sydney Grundy, is led by the nose by some virulent London critic who, conscientiously, cannot help thinking, with *Punch*, that the "Village Priest" is a bit of a bore. The "Abbé Do Bore," *Punch* calls him, and upon my honour it is not a bad title when one comes to consider it. The dear old gentleman was terribly long-winded when he came back to London after his tour in the provinces, Dublin excepted. I thought the old Abbé was a bit wearisome when I first made his acquaintance, but I had no idea how tedious and prosy he could become after a brilliant course of foreign travel. The worst of it is, the Abbé Do Bore has communicated the tone of his soporific sermons to his companions. Dear me, how they all do preach ! Even Mr. Fred Terry—brightest, best of our young actors—has taken to "ladling it out" like a secondhand Charles Kemble. He certainly improved as he went on. He found it impossible to keep up the Crummles style for more than half an act. When he warmed to his work he remembered he was a Terry, and of the new generation of actors; but his first entrance was really too funny. He seemed to be burlesquing the Young and Kemble period. The strut and the hand-waving were "immense." Honestly, the Fred Terry who left London a bright young actor is preferable to the new Fred Terry, who has taken to strides and gestures. But all will be well. Some years ago, when the Hare and Kendal company returned from the country, we were all astonished that Mr. Kendal had taken to "ladling it out." But he soon ladled it back again, and returned to his sober senses. How these people do moan in the "Village Priest" ! The Abbé moans, so does the dear old blind lady, so does the dear old blind lady's protégée, so does the ruined Countess, who declares that she would never have dreamed of going wrong if her husband had not set her the example—delightful sentiment!—in fact, it is quite a pleasure to find that the convict, whose woes would entitle him to moan more than anybody, elects to be very cheerful and natural. For this relief much thanks, Mr. James Fernandez. You might have been as doleful as the rest of them, but you elected to be natural when you had every temptation to be stagey. Thank goodness you had two cheerful companions in Mrs. E. H. Brooke, the old priest's servant, and in Miss Julia Neilson, the light-hearted girl who is tempted, before the play ends, into the dismal swamps. I am bitterly sorry to disagree with clever Mr. Sydney Grundy and brilliant Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and I wish sincerely I could echo those columns of praise red-hot from the provinces, but I honestly cannot do so. I don't care one rap of the fingers about the blunders in casuistry or the implication that an Abbé—that is to say, a typical Abbé—is the upholder of the doctrine of private judgment, or could, under any circumstances, pose as a Free-thinker. Mr. Sydney Grundy may very likely think that an Abbé ought to exercise his private judgment; but, as a matter of fact, he does not. It is not on the religious question that the play fails to please one. It fails to please one because it is a play so confused, to my mind, that on a second hearing of it I cannot quite make it out. It never flows smoothly. It sputters and dribbles with interest, it does not rush with it. But, worse than that, it is, to my mind, monotonous and dull. I wish sincerely I could think as others do who have so sincerely and conscientiously praised the play and the acting. I want to do so; but I can't. But what does it all matter ? The "Village Priest" has drawn excellent houses everywhere, everyone seems to like it, and think Mr. Beerbohm Tree was never better in anything than as the Abbé Do Bore. For my own part, I prefer Macari, Captain Swift, the old Russian in the "Red Lamp," scores of things that Mr. Tree has done so admirably, and I look forward with intense interest to his Sir Peter Teazle, which ought to be a revelation. My only fault is that I consider this versatile and admirable artist more of a Regnier than a Lafont, more of a Leigh Murray than an old Farren, more of a Webster than a Robson, and surely that is not a crime except in the eyes of the brilliant author of the "Village Priest."

The second Gaiety company has returned, and "Carmen Up to Date" will soon be a brilliant success. I have seldom seen a Gaiety burlesque that did not require considerable alteration after the first night. The thing is so easily done. Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt have been content to tell the story very clearly in two acts, and to sprinkle their text with outrageous puns. For the rest, there are sweet ballads by Miss Florence St. John, dances by Miss Letty Lind, the inevitable four-girl dance, which has lost its point and its grace; plenty of fun from Mr. Lonnens, Mr. Arthur Williams, and Miss Maria Jones; astounding dresses, pretty scenery, charming music, and a pantomime donkey. But, in addition to this, there is a song—one single song—that would draw all London to the Gaiety, if the burlesques were really a bad one instead of a good one. The Gaiety has not had such a song since Miss Farren's Arab ditty. It is called "Hush ! Hush ! the Bogey Man," and we are told that it has been in existence for years. Doubtless this is true. It may have been sung at the Christy Minstrels and the Mohawk Minstrels, and by innumerable peripatetic niggers, it may have been in a dozen burlesques, but it has never been so well arranged as by Lutz, so well sung as by Mr. Lonnens, or so well harmonised as by the Gaiety chorus. They tell me that the "Bogey Man" comes from America, but that is only halfway to the discovery. Where did it come from before America ? for America is the home of borrowed melody. Surely the "Bogey Man" came originally from Ireland. It must have been sung on the mountains before it arrived at the plantation. It was an Irish lament before it became a nigger song. Who will hunt out and determine the origin of this delightful "Bogey Man," that will be sung in chorus all the winter in the drawing-room, and will soothe the children to sleep in the cosy nursery when the lights are turned low ?

C. S.

The Registrar-General states in his weekly report that the death-rate of London again showed a decline in the week ending Oct. 4; but the mortality from diseases of the respiratory organs considerably increased.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association opened its annual Show, on Oct. 7, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There are more entries than there were last year, and the general quality of the cattle classes is high, especially in the Shorthorn classes, the Queen being among the prize-takers.

CONVERSAZIONE AT NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

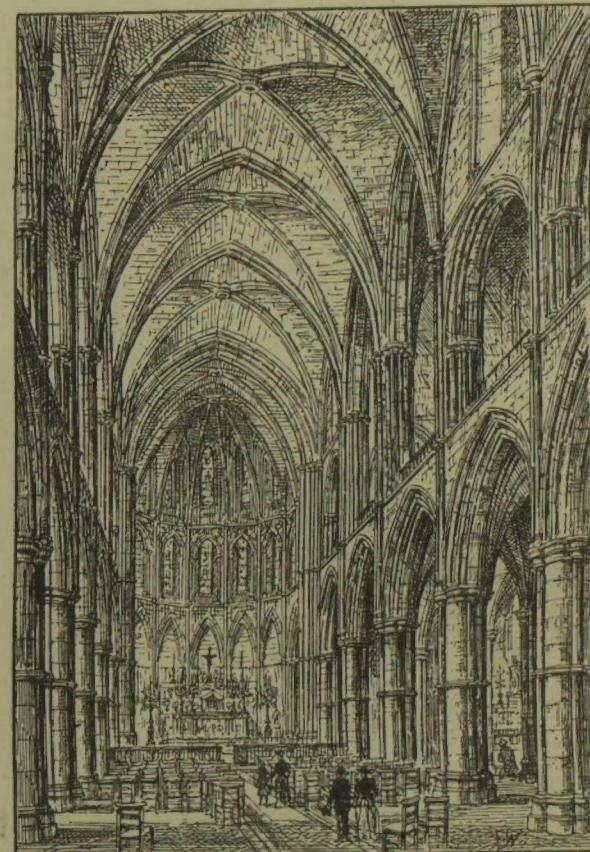
On Monday evening, Oct. 6, the Mayor of Nottingham, Alderman Goldschmidt, received more than four hundred members of the Incorporated Law Society of the United Kingdom at a conversazione and ball at the Castle Museum, Nottingham, inaugurating the seventeenth annual provincial meeting of the society. The president of the society, Mr. R. Cunliffe, of London, and the principal officers were present. The gathering was brilliant and successful, about a thousand of the inhabitants of Nottingham and the district being guests. The next day's session was held for the reading and discussion of important papers; there was a banquet in the evening, at the Albert Hall, with speeches by Sir Albert Rollit and several members of the legal profession; the chair was occupied by Mr. Wing, president of the Nottingham Law Society. The other meetings were at the University College. Our Illustration shows the scene at the opening festive assembly in the Castle Museum.

GREAT FIRE AT SYDNEY.

The capital of New South Wales was visited by a serious disaster on Oct. 1, when a fire broke out in Pitt-street, one of the principal thoroughfares in the business part of the city, and spread to Castlereagh-street, which runs parallel with Pitt-street, to the east, and to Moore-street and Hunter-street, which join those two thoroughfares. A large number of houses used as offices and warehouses have been destroyed. The following premises have been completely gutted: the head offices of the City Bank, Pitt-street; the Athenaeum Club, Castlereagh-street; and the warehouses of Messrs. Lark, Sons, and Co., general merchants, Moore-street; Messrs. Feldheim and Co., merchants and importers, Hunter-street; Messrs. H. Bull and Co., warehousemen, Pitt-street; Messrs. Gibbs, Shalldard, and Co., printers and stationers, Pitt-street; Messrs. Lawler, and Messrs. Richardson and Wrench, auctioneers, Pitt-street. Many other buildings were damaged, including Messrs. Newton Brothers and Company's warehouse in Pitt-street, one of the finest structures in the city. The total loss is estimated to amount to a million sterling, of which £750,000 is covered by insurance, all the principal companies being affected. The fire did not extend southward to the General Post Office, a magnificent edifice between Pitt-street and George-street; nor did it reach the Exchange, to the north.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Church of St. James, Spanish-place, was originally the chapel attached to the Spanish Embassy, in the days of the Penal Laws, when it was not lawful for English Roman Catholics to build churches and chapels of their own, and it served as such almost within the memory of persons still living. The new church, which stands in George-street, Manchester-square, opposite to the north aisle of the old fabric, is of Early English thirteenth-century style, and consists of a nave, four aisles, transepts, choir, and Lady chapel, to which, at a future time, will be added a tower. The architects of the new building are Messrs. Goldie, Child, and Goldie, of Kensington. The first stone was laid by Cardinal Manning in June 1887. The opening service was attended by a large congregation, including the Spanish Ambassador and his suite, the Earl of Denbigh, the Earl of Gainsborough, Count Torre Diaz, and other prominent members of the Roman Catholic laity. Of clergy present there were the Bishops of Southwark and Northampton, the Bishop of Emmaus (who performed the Pontifical High Mass), and the Bishop of Amycla. There were, besides, the Vicar-General and Chapter of Westminster, with representatives of the Dominican, Franciscan, Servite, Oratorian, Carmelite, and Passionist communities. The music, vocal and instrumental, was impressive and powerful. The sermon was preached by Father Lockhart, of the Order of



THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. JAMES,
MANCHESTER SQUARE.

Charity, of Ely-place, Holborn, who read a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop deeply regretting his inability to be present and preach, as he had hoped to do. Among the members of the chapter of the archdiocese of Westminster was the Very Rev. Canon Barry, the Rector of the mission.

The Rev. Albert Watson, late Principal and formerly Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, has been elected to a Fellowship in that college, without emolument.

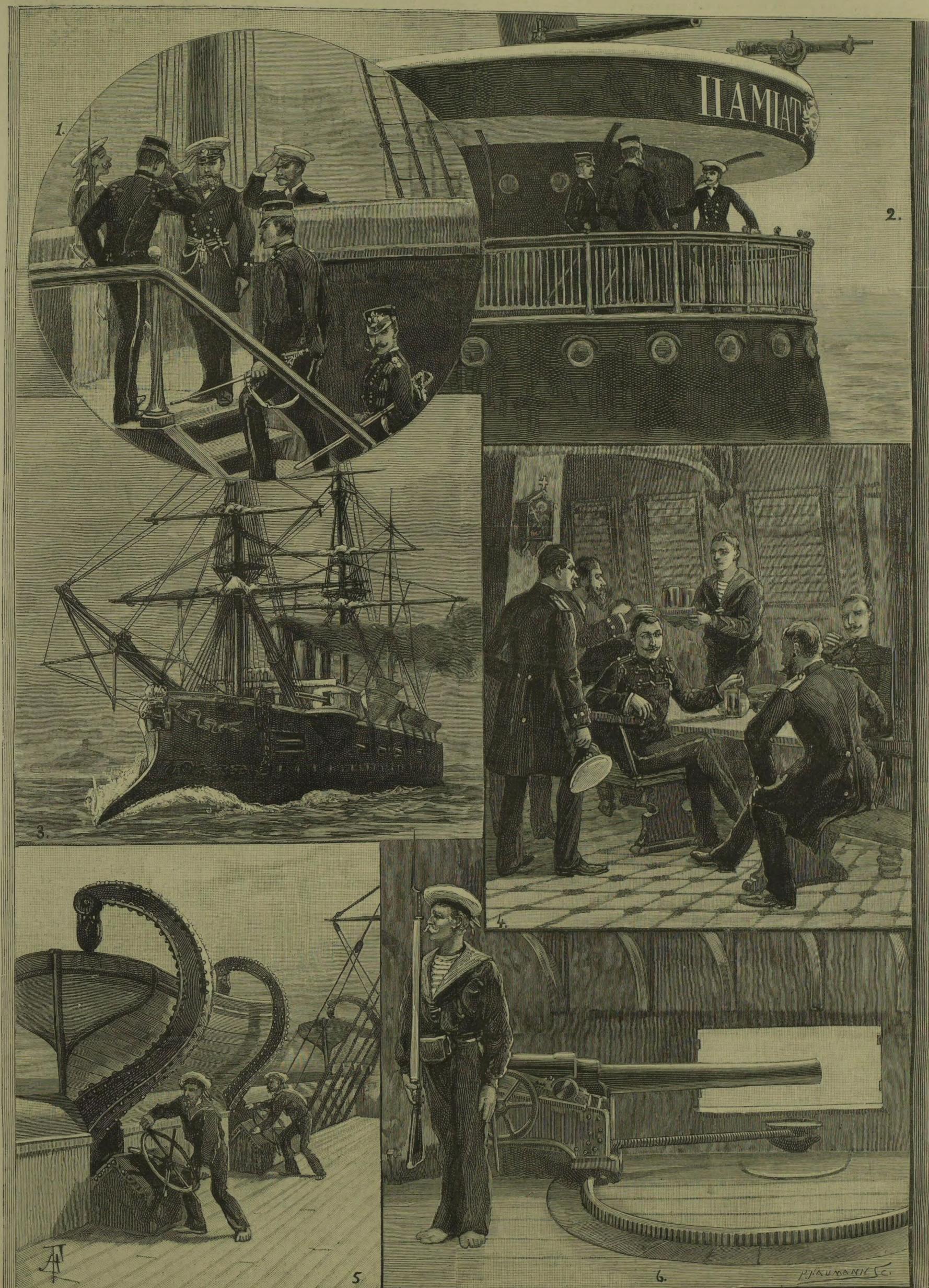
The Mure scholarship at Westminster School, founded in 1877 to commemorate the late Mr. James Mure, has been awarded to Mr. F. Urch.



PITT STREET, SYDNEY, PARTLY DESTROYED BY THE RECENT FIRE,



CONVERSAZIONE AT THE MUSEUM, NOTTINGHAM CASTLE, OCT. 6.



1. Visitors, English Military Officers, Going on Board.
2. The Stern-Walk.

3. Bow View of the Ship under way.
4. Visitors taking Tea in the Ward Room.

5. Method of Lowering the Ship's Boats.
6. A Russian Sailor on Guard on the Main Deck.

A VISIT TO A RUSSIAN CRUISER.

The *Pamiat Azova*, or *Memory of Azoff*, recently at Plymouth, is a new and most formidable cruiser. She is said to have a speed of 18 knots, and her armament consists of two guns of about 13½-ton size, breechloading guns from the Obouchkoff foundry, somewhat similar to those manufactured by the renowned Krupp. She also carries torpedoes and machine and quick-firing guns. She presents rather an odd appearance with her three funnels and her long ram, immediately above which is a gun-port right in the stem, and she has a somewhat peculiar stern, the embrasures for the two after guns being, as it were, joined under the stern, so that they form a stern-walk, not like a balcony as is usual, but recessed into the hull of the ship. Her internal fittings in the ward-room and cabins are perfect, and the suite of cabins for the commanding officer is most handsomely lined with panelling of polished dark and light woods. In a place of honour hangs a painting by a clever artist of the Azoff (after which ship the *Pamiat Azova* is named) hotly engaged with the Turkish fleet at Navarino. Here also hang portraits of Peter the Great, the father of the Russian Navy, and of his Majesty the present Czar, Alexander III. Our Illustrations are from sketches made from memory after visiting the ship in Plymouth Sound. They show the party going on board; the stern-walk, and a bow view of the ship under way; also the entertainment of the visitors in the tile-floored ward-room, drinking tea, in the Russian fashion, in tumblers, with a slice of lemon instead of milk. Another Sketch is that of the method of getting the boats ready for lowering: the davits, four-square like a girder, are hinged outboard halfway down the ship's side, and curve inboard, through the bulwarks and over the boats, as they rest in their crutches. With a few turns of the hand-wheel attached to each the boat is swung out clear and ready for lowering—a far simpler process than swinging the boat and turning the davits outboard, as is usual when the boats are secured inboard. The last Sketch shows a bluejacket sentry on the maindeck, armed with a Berdan rifle and the usual black Russian bayonet.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

Almost the first thing that strikes one's eye on entering the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the New Gallery is the Irish National Banner. Mr. Walter Crane has designed the subject—"Sunburst Breaking into Celtic Cross," accompanied in the process by an Irish harp and some armorial bearings, and further enhanced by Mr. Parnell's autograph—and Miss Taylor, daughter of the poet, has executed it. No doubt, one of these days, this flag will take the place of the Union Jack. For the present it hangs bravely enough, in the midst of long lengths of embroideries, its brilliant colours somewhat subdued by Miss Morris's blue curtain (117)—a tint that verges perilously near to mauve. On the same wall, farther on, are two samplers (130 and 136). Whether they come under the head of an Art or a Craft it is impossible to say; but surely neither of these specimens of little girls' cross-stitch deserves to be in galleries devoted to serious work. On grey linen, in faded greens, the Ladies' Art Dépot (203) have embroidered a border for draping an easel, and have copied the binding—a stiff pink and gold tulip on a cream ground—of a prayerbook formerly belonging to Charles I. (207), and probably worked by the Sisters of Little Gidding. The Royal School of Art Needlework send an old English winged chair (233), the covers stitched with greens and reds. The cabriole claw-legs are of the Chippendale period, the claws an odd ornament-survival of the times when the rude oaken seats were draped with the skins of beasts. The honeysuckle wall-hangings on a blue ground (171) are especially successful among the many embroideries sent by the same society. In a glass case is arranged a cot-quilt, designed by Miss Morris and worked by Mrs. Morris, with a goodly array of animals of the Noah's Ark order of feature, the whole bordered with lines from the "Tiger, Tiger Burning Bright" of William Blake. Perhaps of all the pieces contributed by the Morris family this is one of the best and most original. In the midst of this embroidery grove shine Mr. Benson's fine copper lamps and dishes and coffee-pots; while one's attention is pleasantly caught here and there by a presidential chair in oak (190), from the Guild and School of Handicraft; by Mr. Charles Spooner's sycamore sideboard (238), Mr. Donaldson's quaint birthday casket dedicated to St. Swithin (239), and Miss Nyström's juniper-wood tankard in Swedish wood-carving (255).

In the North Gallery, which is almost entirely given up to furniture, one is struck by the use to which Mr. Walter Crane has put gesso-work. And, again, it ornaments with admirable effect a whitewood bureau stained blue, sent by the School of Handicraft, and designed by Mr. F. J. Thomas (305). In this gallery stands a mahogany corner cupboard (311), inlaid with snakewood and ebony, sent by Mr. Blomfield, and near by is a marqueterie writing-cabinet (313), by Mr. Gimson. Both these pieces are good. The workman who will possess No. 307 must be prepared to keep little but gloves or handkerchiefs or collars in the narrow drawers which Mr. Ford Madox-Brown has provided for him. Mr. Liberty's teak mantel fitting (333) is one of the features of the exhibition, and is in many respects a commendable work. Among Messrs. Collinson and Lock's delicate carved and inlaid furniture the rosewood and ivory table (345) should be especially mentioned. The satinwood wardrobe, by the same designers (342), would be improved by decoration. Unadorned satinwood is never successful.

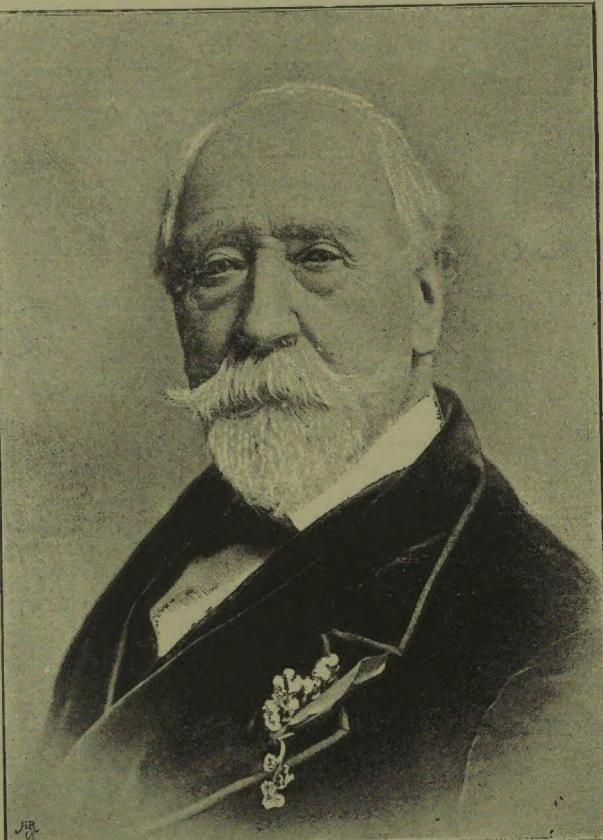
One knows by bent the De Morgan tiles, the wrought-iron, Doulton ware and pottery, plaster models of friezes, that crowd the entrance-hall about the fountain, for is not this the third exhibition of the Arts and Crafts? But in a corner one comes to something new in the shape of a case of glass (152) enamelled by Miss Casella and her sister, those clever ladies whose small jewelled portraits in wax are well known at the Royal Academy. This precise delicate work, a revival, it would seem, of an old art, has made something very beautiful of the lime-green goblets and white decanters it adorns.

Perhaps for the Art of embroidering the exhibition of 1890 will be best remembered, full as the galleries are of beautiful needlework; and for the Craft of bookbinding. There are under glass, in the balcony upstairs, the finest possible tooled and inlaid leathers. While regretting that so small a number of authors is, as a rule, found worthy of this splendid binding, it is something of a surprise to find the "Waterbabies" among so select and "intense" a company. As much of a surprise, indeed, is it to see lying in the same case the Plays of Goldsmith with Mr. Ernest Radford's "Chambers Twain" and "The Roots of the Mountains," by Mr. William Morris.

The marriage of Mr. Christopher Smyth to Miss Gunning, eldest daughter of Sir George Gunning, Bart., was solemnised on Oct. 2, at St. Mary's Church, Horton, Northamptonshire, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. The bride was given away by her father.

THE LATE MR. H. C. SELOUS.

The well-known artist Mr. Henry Courtney Selous, who died, in his eighty-eighth year, on Sept. 24, was one of an old Huguenot family, long settled in Jersey. His father, Gideon Selous, was also a painter, who exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1791 to 1839. Henry Courtney Selous was a student at the Royal Academy, and, when very young, gained the silver medal for drawing from life. His first picture, painted at the early age of fourteen, was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Before he was twenty he won two gold and two silver medals from the Society of Arts; he was also a member of the New York Academy. He was principal painter of Barker's, afterwards Burford's, Panorama, and he gained in competition the premium of £100 for a cartoon of "Boadicea Haranguing the Iceni," exhibited at Westminster Hall in 1848; also the Art Union prize for original outline designs from the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the Art Union prize for a cartoon of the "Surrender of Calais"; the prize from the Scottish Society of Arts for outlines of scenes from the life of Robert Bruce, and the prize from the Art Union for outlines from the life of Hereward the Wake. He made a fine series of designs, in outline, from the life of Moses, besides other notable works. His best-known pictures are his two large paintings of "Jerusalem, Ancient and Modern"; his great picture of the "Crucifixion," exhibited all over England; and a painting of the Opening of the first Great Exhibition of 1851; also, portraits from life of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal family, with many distinguished persons present, forming a picture now in the South Kensington Museum. All these pictures were engraved. He was engaged for three years illustrating Cassell's edition of "Shakespeare," and for the same firm he also illustrated an edition of the Bible, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," besides executing numberless other works, drawings on wood, and easel pictures, comprising marine,



THE LATE MR. HENRY COURTNEY SELOUS.

landscape, and figure subjects, many of which were engraved. His fresco of "Alfred the Great" may be seen at the Law Institute, and is the only modern example of genuine fresco; this was one of his earliest important works. He was an indefatigable worker, continuing to paint up to the last year of his life, an excellent violoncello-player, and one of the first members of the Sacred Harmonic Society; a good architect, and a first-rate actor and Shakespearean reader. In his private character he was universally beloved and respected. He married a daughter of Mr. H. P. Bone, enamel-painter to the Queen, and granddaughter of Henry Bone, R.A.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano.

Parliament, it has now been definitely decided, will be summoned for the dispatch of business on Tuesday, Nov. 25.

The Hon. F. Wynn has been elected Chairman of the Carnarvon Harbour Trustees, in succession to Sir Llewelyn Turner, who has held the appointment since the formation of the Board.

The wedding of General Sir Julius Richard Glyn, K.C.B., of Epsom, and Mrs. Julia Hamilton Maxwell, of Range Park, Wimbledon, widow of Colonel Hamilton Maxwell, of the Indian Army, took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, on Oct. 2. There were neither bridesmaids nor best man. The bride had as her attendant Lady Peacock, who gave her away, and Mrs. Gordon Canning, her sister.

The annual autumn meeting of the London Athletic Club—the last important athletic meeting of the season in the Metropolis—was held at Stamford-bridge on Oct. 4. The attendance was large, and the performances were excellent, the two best being—Sidney Thomas in the two-miles running handicap, which was accomplished in 9 min. and just under 26 sec.; and by E. Leitch in the one-mile bicycle handicap, ridden in 2 min. 39 4-5 sec.

A professional golf competition, under handicap, for several money prizes subscribed by members attending the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club was held on Oct. 3 over the St. Andrews Links. Notwithstanding stormy weather, the scores were very creditable, Hugh Kirkcaldy (scratch) coming in winner of the first prize at eighty-six strokes, while Alexander Herd and Andrew Kirkcaldy, both scratch, tied for the second prize at eighty-nine.

The returns of the Board of Trade show that during September 25,958 emigrants of British origin left our shores, being fewer by 716 than those who left in September 1889. During the past nine months the number was 176,056, as compared with 208,315 during the first nine months of 1889. This decrease of 32,259 is distributed generally over all the places to which they emigrated, being—to the United States, 16,457; to British North America, 5692; to Australasia, 5575; to the Cape and Natal, 2088; and to other places, 2441.

THE COURT.

The Queen of Roumania arrived at Ballater on Oct. 2, and was met at the station by the Prince of Wales and several members of the Royal family. Her Majesty drove to Balmoral Castle, on a visit to Queen Victoria. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Fife, the Duke of Fife, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out with the Queen of Roumania and Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany visited the Queen, and remained to dinner. In the evening a torchlight procession was formed, which, after passing along the front of Craig Gowan, halted in front of the castle, where reels were danced. Viscount Cross had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. Miss Heron Maxwell dined at the castle, and, together with the ladies and gentlemen of the household, had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the evening. Signor Curti's band was in attendance, and played during and after dinner. Her Majesty drove out on the morning of the 3rd with Princess Beatrice. The Queen of Roumania, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany, drove to Abergeldie and visited the Princess of Wales. In the afternoon the Queen and the Queen of Roumania drove to visit the Duchess of Albany at Birkhall, and were joined there by the Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Wales. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale dined with their Majesties and the Royal family. Viscount Cross and Sir Robert Collins had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. Miss Heron Maxwell dined at the castle, and, together with the ladies and gentlemen of the household, including Dr. Profeit, joined the Royal circle in the evening. The Queen of Roumania took leave of her Majesty and the Royal family on the 4th. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria had previously driven over from Abergeldie. Her Majesty was accompanied to Ballater by the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and was there met by Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany. A guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under command of Captain Pierrepont Brooke, was mounted at the station. The Queen went out in the morning with Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove with the Princess, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, the 5th, the Queen, the Royal family, and the household attended Divine service in the castle. The Rev. Professor Charteris, D.D., of Edinburgh University, one of her Majesty's chaplains, officiated. In the morning the Queen went out with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, attended by Lady Ampthill and the Hon. Adeline Loftus. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale dined with the Queen and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 6th with Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon with Princess Beatrice. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale dined with her Majesty. Viscount Cross and Captain George Holford had the honour of being invited. Signor Curti's band was in attendance, and played during the evening. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg dined with Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick at Invercauld. The weather this autumn at Balmoral has been unusually mild, the thermometer having seldom fallen below 50 deg. even at night. Strawberries grown in the open air were within the last three weeks supplied to the Royal table, and the gardens are still bright with flowers.

The Prince of Wales left Balmoral for London on Oct. 2, travelling by Queen's Messenger train to Aberdeen, and thence by Caledonian train south. The Prince left London on the morning of the 4th on his customary autumnal visit to the Continent. His Royal Highness, on quitting Marlborough House, drove to Charing-cross Station, where he was received by Sir Myles Fenton, general manager of the South-Eastern Railway. The Prince and his suite left town at 11.25 a.m. Dover Admiralty Pier was reached at 1.10 p.m. His Royal Highness crossed by special boat to Calais, whence he travelled by special train over the Northern Railway to Laon, and subsequently from Chalons by the Orient express, via Strasburg, Stuttgart, and Salzburg, to Vienna. The Prince arrived there on the night of the 5th by the Orient express, which reached Vienna nearly an hour late. His Royal Highness travelled strictly incognito, and intimated that he did not desire a formal reception. Consequently there was not even a representative of the British Embassy at the railway station to welcome the Prince, who proceeded immediately to the Grand Hotel. His Royal Highness next day paid a visit to the vault of the Capuchins Church, and laid a wreath on the coffin of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. The Prince gave a déjeuner at two o'clock in the afternoon. The distinguished party included the King of the Hellenes, with Prince Nicholas of Greece, Mr. Phipps, First Secretary to the British Embassy, and the other members of the Embassy, Baron Hirsch, and Herr Adjukevitch, the painter. At four o'clock his Royal Highness left for Baron Hirsch's shooting-box at St. Johann, being accompanied by Lord Dudley, Colonel Arthur Paget, Mr. Moncrieff, and Baron Hirsch. According to arrangements, the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria would leave Abergeldie for London on Oct. 9, reaching Marlborough House early on Friday morning, travelling by the Forth Bridge route, Edinburgh, and York.—The statement that the Prince of Wales had conferred the rank of Past Grand Master of English Freemasons on the Duke of Connaught is inaccurate. No appointment, not even that of Pro-Grand Master—an office vacant by the death of the Earl of Carnarvon—has been made.—Princess Maud of Wales, who has returned from Vichy, is not to rejoin the Princess of Wales in Scotland, but will await her arrival in England. Princess Maud is now on a visit to her old governess, Mrs. Johnson, who, as Mdlle. Vauthier, superintended the education of the Princesses for many years.—Prince George of Wales has returned to Halifax, Nova Scotia, from a week's shooting in Kentville, thus named in honour of his Royal Highness's great-grandfather.

The Queen of Roumania arrived at Edinburgh on Oct. 4 from Balmoral. Her Majesty reached the Waverley Station at six o'clock in the evening, and was cheered by a considerable number of people who had gathered on the platform as she drove off to the Balmoral Hotel. Next day the Queen visited St. Giles's, the Free Library, the Parliament House, the Castle, and Holyrood Palace, and left by the night express for London. Her Majesty visited the Lyceum Theatre on the 6th. She left England on the 7th for Bucharest.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Dover on Oct. 4, when some manoeuvres took place, in which the troops stationed at Dover and Shorncliffe participated. The Duke was accompanied by Lieutenant General Sir Redvers Buller, Adjutant-General, and other members of the Headquarters Staff.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Council of State, in Paris, has voted £12,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the inundations in the South of France, and also opened a supplementary credit of £20,000 for the repair of roads, bridges, and aqueducts damaged or destroyed.—The French Admiral on the African Coast has made a treaty of peace with the King of Dahomey.

The question of the Revision of the Constitution of the Canton of Ticino has been submitted to the popular vote, with the result that revision was declared for by 11,928 against 11,831 votes.

The Emperor William arrived in Vienna on the morning of Oct. 1, and was met at the railway station by the Emperor Francis Joseph and two Archdukes. The Imperial party set off for the Hofburg amid the plaudits of the crowds who had gathered outside. On the 5th, the Emperor of Austria, the German Emperor, the King of Saxony, and the other guests left for Eisenerz, to shoot over the preserves of Radmer. The Imperial shooting excursion came to a close on the 8th.—In the sitting of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, on Oct. 2, Dr. Weckerle, Minister of Finance, brought forward the Budget for 1891. He estimated the ordinary expenditure at 342,571,190fl., an increase of 11,750,432fl. over 1890; the transitory expenditure is set down at 8,130,672fl., being 1,656,211fl. above that of 1890; the outlay on account of reproductive works is placed at 11,781,737fl.

The coinage of one million two-franc pieces of the new Colonial currency, for circulation in the African possessions of Italy, has been completed at the Mint in Rome, and the money has been dispatched to Naples for shipment to Massowah.

The Session of the Danish Diet was opened on Oct. 6, in the University Festival Hall at Copenhagen, by the Prime Minister, in the name of the King. The total revenue is estimated at 54,500,000 kroners, and the total expenditure at 59,000,000 kroners. The Folkething re-elected M. Högsbro President. In the Landsting M. Liebe was re-elected President.

The Bishop of North and Central Europe has consecrated, at Christiania, the first English church in Norway, in the presence of the Governor and all the civil authorities of the city. The Norwegian Bishop of Christiania, in his robes, attended by the Dean, walked in the procession, and had seats in the chancel.

President Harrison and Mr. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, have left Washington on a trip to the West.—The M'Kinley Tariff Bill received the President's assent on Oct. 1, and is now law throughout the length and breadth of the States of the American Union. Its provisions came into operation on the 6th. There was most exciting race on Saturday night, the 4th, at the New York Custom House to get cargoes of steamers entered before midnight, so as to pass the goods under the old tariff. The captain of the Cunard steamer *Etruria* wound up the week by entering his cargo at 11.59. The week's receipts at the Custom House were the largest ever known.—The meeting of the Iron and Steel Congress, in Chickering Hall, New York, was opened on Oct. 1, when Sir James Kitson presided. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, chairman of the American Reception Committee, gave an address of welcome, in which he dwelt upon the friendship existing between the manufacturers of Great Britain and America. Sir James Kitson responded, and declared that the remarkable reception which had been accorded to the British visitors testified to the warmth of the feelings existing between the two countries. Professor Setwynn, on behalf of Canada, invited the Institute to visit the Dominion. Sir James Kitson announced that, his two years' term of office having expired, it was necessary to elect a successor. He therefore proposed Sir Frederick Abel, who was elected unanimously. The meeting then adjourned in order that the members might go on an excursion by steamer on the Hudson River to West Point and back as the guests of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. The Congress held an interesting session on the 2nd, at which Mr. Abram Hewett was presented with the Bessemer medal, and a discussion was carried on on furnaces. The annual dinner of the Institute took place in the evening in the main room of Delmonico's. Two hundred and fifty guests were present, Sir James Kitson presiding. The delegates left on the morning of the 4th by the Pennsylvania Railroad for Pittsburg. Halts were made on the journey, and the session reconvened at Pittsburg on the 9th. From this point excursions will be made to all parts of the country, and some of them are planned to cover 3000 miles of territory.—There have been several terrific explosions at the Dupont Powder Mills, near Wilmington, Delaware. Several workmen were killed.

Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, who, with other Ministers, was present at a picnic at Halifax, Nova Scotia, delivered an important speech relative to the M'Kinley Tariff Bill, in which he said the efforts of the United States by a restrictive trade policy to force the Canadians to sell their flag and their allegiance to the British Crown were doomed to failure. He declared his unbounded faith in the ability of Canada to survive the commercial hostility which was now being directed against her. Another great political demonstration against the new commercial policy of the United States was held at St. John, New Brunswick, among those present being Sir John Macdonald, and other members of the Cabinet. Stirring speeches were made by the Ministers of Fisheries, Justice, and Finance, and the Premier declared that, when arrangements now in progress were completed, the Dominion would fight a victorious battle for the better part of the trade with Asia, Australia, and the mother country.

The Cape Revenue returns for August show an increase of £16,539 as compared with the corresponding month last year. For July and August the increase amounts to £9205.

The first Entrance Scholarship of 100 guineas at Charing-cross Hospital Medical School has been awarded to Mr. M. Molloy; and the second, of 50 guineas, to Mr. J. R. Langley.

The introductory address on "National Health" was delivered at the opening of the session of the Medical Department of the Owens College, Manchester, by Sir Spencer Wells.

According to the Board of Trade Returns for September, there was an increase in imports of £2,144,703, and an increase in exports of £3,072,062, compared with the corresponding period of last year.

Mr. Charles William Bardswell, of the Equity Bar, has been appointed Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames, in succession to the late Sir William Hardman. Mr. Bardswell, who was born in 1832, was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1857.

At a meeting of the Dover Harbour Board on Oct. 3, at which representatives of the Board of Trade and Admiralty, two Southern railways, and the Dover Corporation attended, it was decided to construct an outer harbour, at a cost of £300,000; a second pier nearly a mile in length will be run out opposite the Esplanade; the outer harbour is to be deepened, and rocks near the entrance of the old harbour removed.

THE LATE MRS. BOOTH.

This lady, wife of "General" Booth, the head of the "Salvation Army," died on Oct. 4, at Clacton, on the Essex coast, after a long and painful illness. Her maiden name was Mumford, and she was born at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, in 1829. She married General Booth in 1855, and while he was acting as a Methodist New Connexion minister at Gateshead, in 1860, she herself began to preach. In 1864 she and her husband removed to London, and commenced the mission work afterwards developed into the powerful organisation of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Booth had eight children, nearly all of whom are now engaged in the labours of the Salvation



THE LATE MRS. BOOTH,
WIFE OF GENERAL BOOTH, OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Army. She was beloved by thousands of followers, and was regarded by religious persons of all denominations with sincere respect. She was once presented to the Queen, by her Majesty's special desire.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

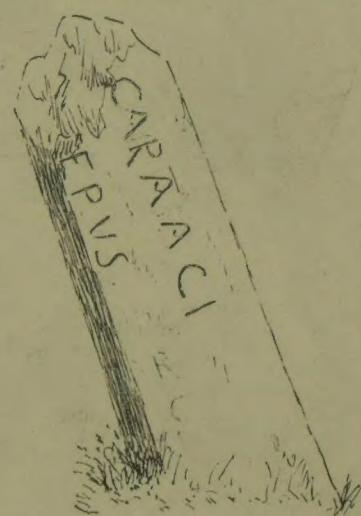
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on Oct. 9, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £128 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during September. The Gorlestone No. 2 life-boat saved the crew of six men from the stranded dandy Belinda, of Great Yarmouth; the Abersoch life-boat rescued the crew of four persons from the endangered schooner President Garfield; the Groomport life-boat assisted to save the stranded ketch Hobah, of Falmouth; the Ramsgate life-boat helped to save the stranded steam-ship Grimm, of Hamburg; the Rhoscolyn life-boat remained by the stranded steam-ship Columbian, of Liverpool; and the Clacton life-boat rescued the crew of eight men of the stranded barque Larissa, of Blyth. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £446 were ordered to be made on the 299 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £100 from a lady, further on behalf of the endowment of the Whitburn life-boat; and £2 7s. 6d., collection on board the steam-ship St. Sunniva, of Aberdeen, Captain J. Angus, on Sunday, June 29. It was also reported that her Majesty the Queen of Roumania had contributed £10 towards the support of the Llandudno life-boat station. The new steam life-boat, which is named the "Duke of Northumberland," has recently been forwarded to its station at Harwich. Reports having been read from the district inspectors of life-boats the proceedings terminated.

A ROMANO-BRITISH STONE ON EXMOOR.

An interesting discovery has recently been made on Winsford Hill, near Dulverton, Exmoor. It consists of an inscribed stone, thought by Professor John Rhys to date from the fifth or sixth century. The stone is 3 ft. 7 in. high, 14 in. broad, and 7 in. thick, standing much out of the perpendicular. The top has been much fractured, but the inscription, "Carāaci epvs," is still legible, and probably stands for "Carataci nepvs," or Nepos, the kinsman or descendant of Caratacus—Caratacus being the approved reading of that name. Possibly, therefore, this stone marks the last resting-place of one of the clan of the great Caradoc, or Caratacus, who so long opposed the Roman

legions. This discovery has caused some excitement in archaeological circles: it is regarded, by no mean authority, as "one of the most important monuments on South-Western England." Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. J. Lloyd Warden Page, the author of "An Exploration of Exmoor and the Hill Country of West Somerset." A second edition of that excellent book, published by Messrs. Seeley and Co., is now in preparation.



ANCIENT ROMANO-BRITISH STONE
FOUND ON EXMOOR.

THE ALGESIRAS RAILWAY.

The Spanish town of Algesiras is situated on the western shore of the Bay of Gibraltar, nearly opposite to the British fortress. On Monday, Oct. 6, the first section of the Bobadilla to Algesiras Railway, between Algesiras and Jimena, forty-two kilometres long, was opened, in the presence of the local and provincial authorities, who were afterwards entertained by some of the directors of the company at a banquet. This line, which will have a total length of 180 kilometres, is being constructed by an English company—the Algesiras-Gibraltar Railway Company, under the direction of the engineer, Mr. James Fforde, C.E. It will, when completed to join the existing Andalusian Railway at Bobadilla, form a very important addition to the now rapidly increasing service to Gibraltar, as it will not only relieve passengers from the present choice of evils—an uncomfortable sea passage from Malaga or Cadiz, or the diligence journey of fifteen hours from San Fernando—but will shorten the actual journey by nearly twenty-four hours. The remainder of the line is in an advanced state, and will, it is expected, be completed early in 1892; but there is some heavy tunnelling, and earthworks to be constructed, in the mountainous district between Jimena and Bobadilla. The first train conveyed a large number of the inhabitants of Algesiras, by invitation, to visit the Convent of Almoraima, upon the occasion of a religious festival.

SCENE FROM "A MILLION OF MONEY."

This play, by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Mr. Augustus Harris, has continued since the beginning of September to please the nightly audiences at Drury-Lane Theatre. Its main plot turns on the sudden acquisition of a big fortune by Harry Dunstable, a young gentleman in the Army, who has been addicted to betting on the turf, and who has become entangled with two cunning schemers, Major Belgrave and an adventurer called Dick Bounder. The more tender interest of the drama, however, belongs to two young ladies, Mary Maythorne and Hester Nestledown, respectively the daughter and the niece of a worthy country parson, the Rev. Gabriel Maythorne. While Harry Dunstable, whose part is well acted by Mr. Charles Warner, finds the course of true love run not at all smooth between him and Mary (Miss Jessie Millward), who yet becomes his wife, the lover of Hester, who is a lively University man named Tom Cricklewood, has equally to contend with injurious misrepresentations and the intrigues of a treacherous rival. But the final settlement of affairs is satisfactory to those whose sympathies have been engaged on behalf of these amiable couples.

The City Commissioners of Sewers, at the instance of the Streets Committee, have resolved to invite tenders for lighting by electricity the western districts of the City on similar conditions to those arranged for the east and central districts.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England announce that prizes amounting in all to £300 will be offered in connection with their annual County Meeting, to be held at Doncaster next June, for the best-managed farms in the occupation of bona-fide tenant-farmers in the county of York.

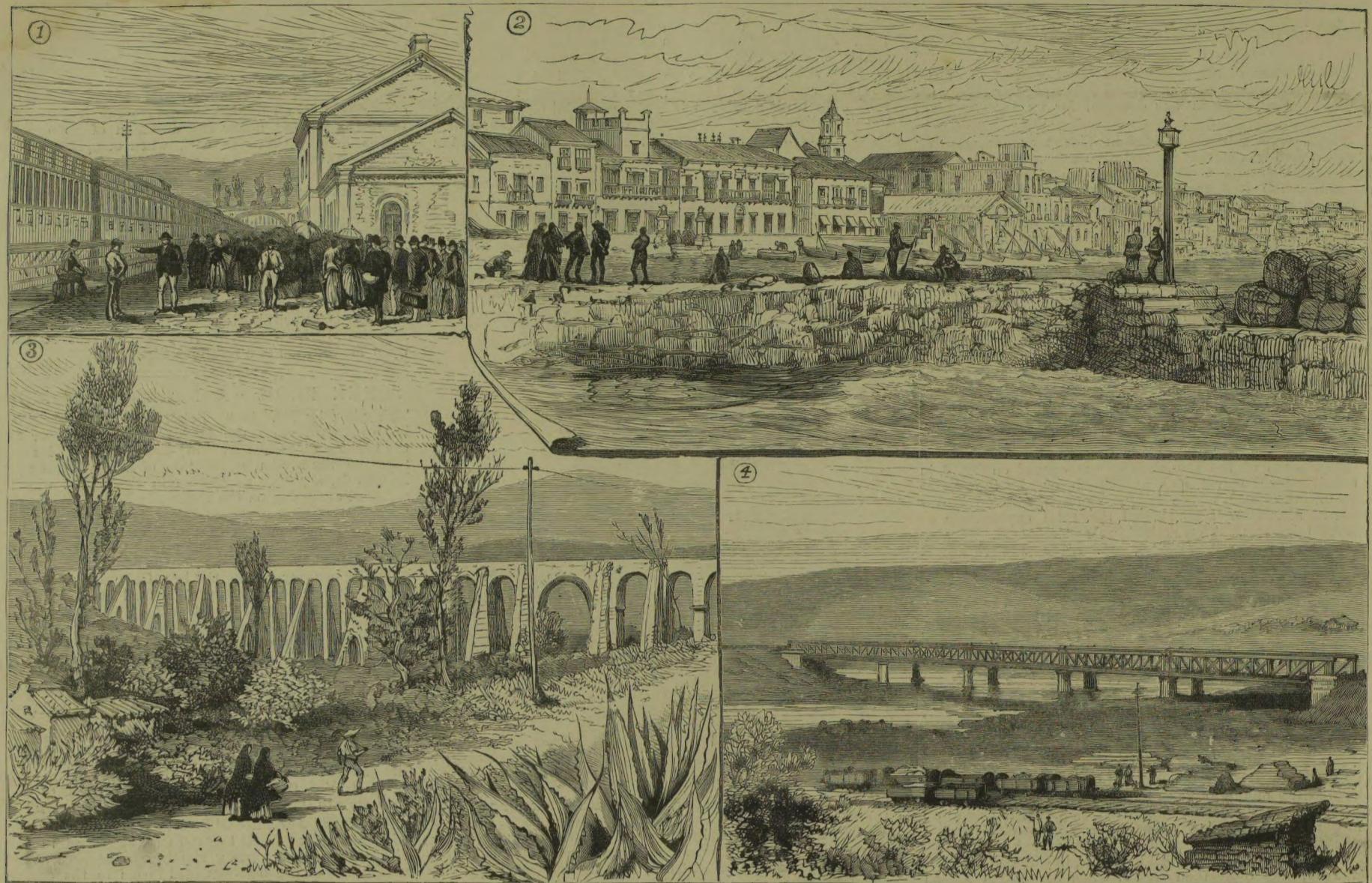
At a meeting of the Cardiff Corporation, on Oct. 7, it was unanimously resolved to invite the Marquis of Bute to be the Mayor of the borough for the ensuing year, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the Marquis. This action, it was explained, was taken in view of the forthcoming visit of the British Association.

The sixty-first conference of the Mormons, held at Salt Lake City, has decided to abolish polygamy, in accordance with the proclamation of President Woodruff telegraphed on Sept. 24. Mr. Cannon, a member of the First Presidency, or highest hierarchical order of the Mormon Church, who is attending the council, said he had lived in polygamy, and believed it to be right, holding it to be an ordinance of God. Men had suffered for it, and eight hundred had been consigned to the penitentiary for practising polygamy; but it was of no use to fight sixty millions of people. This new policy of the Mormon Church will have the effect of releasing forty-two men from prison provided that they promise to conform to the law of the United States upon the plurality of wives question.

Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic, essayist, and graceful poet, gaily opened the autumn lecturing season in London on the 1st of October. The accomplished man of letters chose a felicitous subject. He discoursed most happily, and in an earnest strain of eloquence, on his experience of "Thirty Years at the Play"; and his admirable review of theatrical progress during that period, his appreciative references to the dramas of Dion Boucicault and the comedies of Tom Robertson; to the genius of Fechter and the artistic supremacy of Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, won the sympathetic applause of the large audience that filled the theatre of the Birkbeck Institute. Mr. Scott richly merited the praise offered him by Mr. Augustus Harris, the chairman, and his interesting dramatic lecture will doubtless be much sought after.

In China, a traveller wishing for a passport is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint; he then presses his hand on thin, damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transference of the passport, as the lines of no two hands are alike. The cunning Chinese have also discovered that the impressions of no two persons' thumbs are alike; and also that the impressions of no one person's two thumbs are alike. The European police keep books of photographs to identify criminals; the Chinese police keep merely impressions of each criminal's two thumbs, carefully labelled and numbered. He may shave, he may wear a wig, he may paint himself dark or fair; he may appear young and lithe, or old and crippled, but he cannot alter the impressions of his thumbs, which can at any time be traced on paper, and compared with the impressions always kept in safe custody by the Celestial detective force.

The enthronement of the Rev. J. W. Festing, late Vicar of Christchurch, St. Pancras, as Bishop of St. Albans, took place on Oct. 7 in St. Albans Cathedral, in the presence of a large congregation. A procession, consisting of the Mayors and other representatives of numerous towns in the county, together with the Mayor and several members of the St. Albans Corporation, left the Townhall shortly before three o'clock for the Cathedral, where it was met by a full surplice choir, the new Bishop, and some three hundred clergy. After the reading of the First Lesson the Bishop addressed the Archdeacon of Canterbury, and requested him to install and enthrone him into the bishopric. The oaths were administered, and the enthronement was then performed with the usual formalities. Subsequently the Bishop ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon. In the evening the Mayor gave a conversation at the Townhall, at which several hundred persons were present. A portrait of the Bishop was given in our issue of June 14 last.—Saturday, Oct. 13, has been appointed for the consecration of the Bishop of Dover, in Canterbury Cathedral.



1. Excursion Passengers at the Railway Station.

2. Marina or Quay of Algesiras.

3. Ancient Roman Aqueduct, at Algesiras.

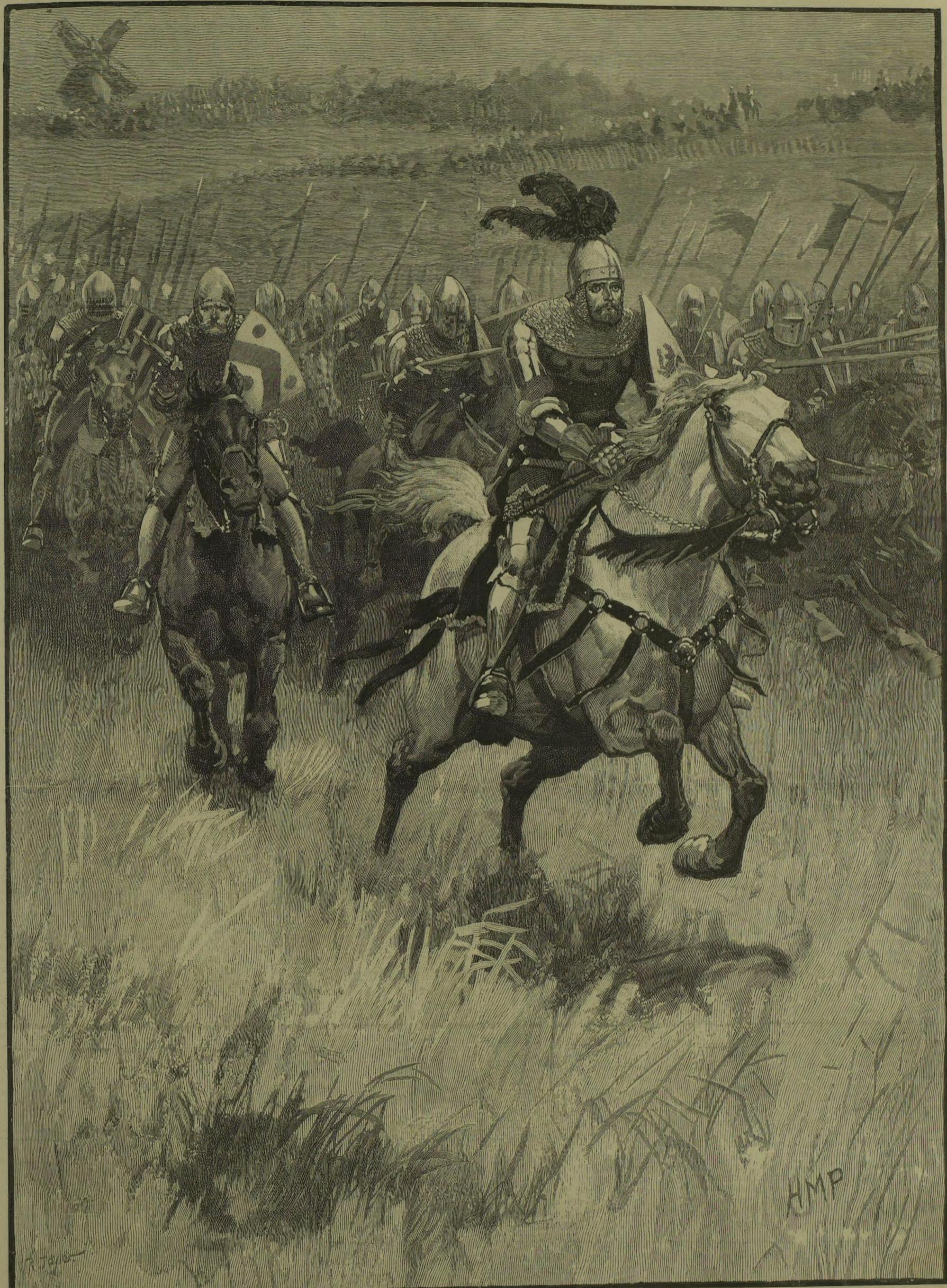
4. Iron Bridge over the river Guadarranque.

OPENING OF THE ALGESIRAS RAILWAY, NEAR GIBRALTAR.



"Then all is over between us!" (MR. HARRY NICHOLLS and MISS FANNY BROUGH.)

SCENE FROM "A MILLION OF MONEY," AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

I led them round the English front, and there, clapping spurs to our ready coursers' flanks, five hundred of us, knit close together, with one heart beating one measure, shot out into array, and charged boldly ten thousand Frenchmen!

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA
THE PHœNICIAN.
RETOLED BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XV.

A volume might well be written on what I must compress into this chapter. On the narrow canvas of these few pages must be outlined the crowded incidents of that noble fight above Crecy, whereof your historians know but half the truth, and these same lines, charged with the note of victory, full of the joyful exultation of the mêlée and dear delight of hard-fought combat—these lines must, too, record my own illimitable grief.

If while I write you should hear through my poor words aught of the loud sound of conflict, if you catch aught of the meeting of two great hosts led on by kingly captains, if the proud neighing of the war-steeds meet you through these heavy lines and you discern aught of the thunder of charging squadrons, aught of the singing wind that plays above a sea of waving plumes as the chivalry of two great nations rush, like meeting waves, upon each other, so shall you hear, amid all that joyful tumult, one other sound, one piercing shriek, wherefrom not endless scores of seasons have cleared my ears.

Listen, then, to the humming bow-strings on the Crecy slopes—to the stinging hiss of the black rain of English arrows that kept those heights inviolable—to the rattle of unnumbered spears, breaking like dry November reeds under the wild hog's charging feet, as rank behind rank of English gentlemen rush on the foe! Listen, I say, with me to the thunderous roar of France's baffled host, wrecked by its own mightiness on the sharp edge of English valour; listen to the wild scream of hireling fear as Doria's crossbowmen see the English pikes sweep down upon them; listen to the thunder of proud Alençon sweeping round our lines with every glittering peer in France behind him, himself in gemmy armour—a delusive star of victory, riding, revengeful, on the foremost crest of that wide, sparkling tide! Hear, if you can all this, and, where my poor powers fail, lend me the help of your bold English fancy.

It was a hard-fought day indeed! Hotly pursued by the French King, numbering ourselves scarce thirty thousand men, while those behind us were four times as many, we had fallen back down the green banks of the Somme, seeking in vain for a ford by which we might pass to the farther shore, On this morning of which I write so near was Philip and his vast array that our rearguard, as we retreated slowly towards the North, saw the sheen of the spear-tops and the colour on whole fields of banners, scarce a mile behind us. And every soldier knew that, unless we would fight at disadvantage, with the river at our backs, we must cross it before the sun was above our heads. Swiftly our prickers scoured up and down the banks, and many a strong yeoman waded out, only to find the hostile water broad and deep; and thus, all that morning, with the blare of Philip's trumpets in our ears, we hunted about for a passage and could not find it, the while the great glittering host came closing up upon us like a mighty crescent storm-cloud—a vast sombre shadow, limned and edged with golden gleams.

At noon we halted in a hollow, and the King's dark face was as stern as stern could be. And first he turned and scowled like a lion at bay upon the oncoming Frenchmen, and then upon the broad tidal flood that shut us in that trap. Even the young Prince at his right side scarce knew what to say; while the clustering nobles stroked their beards and frowned, and looked now upon the King and now upon the water. The archers sat in idle groups down by the willows, and the scouts stood idle on the hills. Truth, 'twas a pause such as no soldier likes, but when it was at the worst in came two men-at-arms dragging along a reluctant peasant between them. They hauled him to the Sovereign, and then it was—

"Please your Mightiness, but this fellow knows a ford, and for a handful of silver says he'll tell it."

"A handful of silver!" laughed the joyful King. "God! let him show us a place where we can cross, and we will smother him with silver! On, good fellow!—the ford! the ford! and come to us to-morrow morning and you shall find him who has been friend to England may laugh henceforth at sulky Fortune!"

Away we went down the sun-burnt, grassy slopes, and ere the sun had gone a hand-breadth to the west of his meridian a little hamlet came in sight upon the farther shore, and, behind it a mile, pleasant ridges trending up to woods and trees. Down by the hamlet the river ran loose and wide, and the ebbing stream (for it was near the sea) had just then laid bare the new-wet, shingly flats, and as we looked upon them, with a shout that went from line to line, we recognised deliverance. So swift had been our coming that when the first dancing English plumes shone on the August hill-tops the women were still out washing clothes upon the stones, and when the English bowmen, all in King Edward's livery, came brushing through the copses, the kine were standing knee-deep about the shallows, and the little urchins, with noise and frolic, were bathing in the stream that presently ran deep and red with blood. And small maids were weaving chaplets among those meadows where kings and princes soon lay dying, and tumbling in their play about the sunny meads, little wotting of the crop their fields would bear by evening, or the stern harvest to be reaped from them before the moon got up.

We crossed; but an army does not cross like one, and before our rearward troops were over the French vanguard was on the hilltops we had just quitted, while the tide was flowing in strong again from the outer sea.

"Now, God be praised for this!" said King Edward, as he sat his charger and saw the strong salt water come gushing in as the last man toiled through. "The kind Heavens smile upon our arms—see! they have given us a breathing space! You, good Sir Andrew Kirkaby, who live by pleasant Sherwood, with a thousand archers stand here among the willow bushes and keep the ford for those few minutes that it will remain. Then, while Philip watches the gentle sea fill up this famous channel, and waits, as he must wait, upon his opportunity, we will inland, and on yonder hill, by the grace of God and sweet St. George, we will lay a supper-place for him and his!"

So spoke the bold King, and turned his war-horse, and, with all his troops—seeming wondrous few by comparison of the dusky swarms gathering behind us—rode north four hundred yards from Crecy. He pitched upon a gentle ridge sloping down to a little brook, while at top was woody cover for the baggage train, and near by, on the right, a corn-mill on a swell. 'Twas from that granary floor, sitting stern and watchful, his sword upon his knees, his impatient charger armed and ready at the door below, that the King sat and watched the long battle.

Meanwhile, we strengthened the slopes. We dug a trench along the front and sides, and, with the glitter of the close foeman's steel in our eyes, lopped the Crecy thicket. And, working in silence (while the Frenchman's song and laughter

came to us on the breeze), set the palisades, and bound them close as a strong fence 'gainst charging squadrons, and piled our spears where they were handy, and put out the archers' arrows in goodly heaps. Jove! we worked as though each man's life depended on it, the Prince among us, sweating at spade and axe, and then—it was near four o'clock on that August afternoon—a hush fell upon both hosts, and we lay about and only spoke in whispers. And you could hear the kine lowing in the valley a mile beyond, and the lapwing calling from the new-shorn stubble, and the whimbrels on the hilltops, and the river fast emptying once again, now Prattling to the distant sea. 'Twas a strange pause, a sullen, heavy silence, no longer than a score of minutes. And then, all in a second, a little page in the yellow fern in front of me leapt to his feet, and, screaming in shrill treble that scared the feeding linnets from the brambles, tossed his velvet cap upon the wind and cried—

"They come! they come, St. George! St. George for merry England!"

And up we all sprang to our feet, and, while the proud shout of defiance ran thundering from end to end of our triple lines, a wondrous sight unfolded before us. The vast array of France, stretching far to right and left and far behind, was loosed from its roots, and coming on down the slope—a mighty frowning avalanche—upon us, a flowing angry sea, wave behind wave, of chief and mercenary—countless lines of spear and bowmen and endless banks of men-at-arms behind—an overwhelming flood that hid the country as it marched shot with the lurid gleam of light upon its billows, and crested with the fluttering of endless flags that crowned each of those long lines of cheering foemen.

That tawny fringe there in front a furlong deep and driven on by the host behind like the yellow running spume upon the lip of a flowing tide was Genoese crossbowmen, selling their mean carcasses to manure the good Picardy soil for hireling pay. Far on the left rode the grim Doria, laughing to see the little band set out to meet his serried vassals, and, on the right, Grimaldi's olive face scowled hatred and malice at the hill where the English lay.

There, behind these tawny mercenaries in endless waves of steel, D'Alençon rode, waving his princely bâton, and marshalled as he came rank upon rank of glittering chivalry—a fuming, foamy sea of spears and helmets that flashed and glittered in the sun, and tossed and chafed, impatient of ignoble hesitation, and flowed in stately pride towards us, the white foam-streaks of twenty thousand plumed horsemen showing like breakers on a shallow sea, as that great force, to the blare of trumpet, swept down.

And, as though all these were not enough to smother our desperate valour even with the shadow of their numbers, behind the French chivalry again advanced a winding forest of spearmen stooping to the lie of the ground, and now rising and now falling like water-reeds when the west wind plays among them. Under that innumerable host, that stretched in dust and turmoil two long miles back to where the grey spires of Abbeville were misty on the sky, the rasp of countless feet sounded in the still air like the rain falling on a leafy forest.

Never did such a horde set out before to crush a desperate band of raiders. And, that all the warlike show might not lack its head and consummation, between their rearguard ranks came Philip, the vassal monarch who held the mighty fiefs that Edward coveted. Lord! how he and his did shine and glint in the sunshine! How their flags did flutter and their heralds blow as the resplendent group—a deep, strong ring of peers and princes curving in the flickering shade of a score of mighty blazons—came over the hillcrest and rode out to the foremost tire of battle and took places there to see the English lion flayed. With a mighty shout—a portentous roar from rear to front which thundered along their van and died away among the host behind—the French heralded the entry of their King upon the field, and, with one fatal accord, the whole vast baying pack broke loose from order and restraint and came at us.

We stood aghast to see them. Fools! Madmen! They swept down to the river—a hundred thousand horse and footmen bent upon one narrow passage—and rushed in, every chief and captain scrambling with his neighbour to be first—troops, squadrons, ranks, all lost in one seething crowd—disordered, unwarlike. And thus—quivering and chaotic, heaving with the stress of its own vast bulk—under a hundred jealous leaders, the great army rushed upon us.

While they struggled thus, out galloped King Edward to our front, bareheaded, his jewelled warden staff held in his mailed fist, and, riding down our ranks, and checking the wanton fire of that grey charger, which curveted and proudly bent his glossy neck in answer to our cheering, proud, calm-eyed, and happy, King Edward spoke—

"My dear comrades and lieges linked with me in this adventure—you, my gallant English peers, whose shiny bucklers are the bright bulwarks of our throne, whose bold spirits and matchless constancy have made this just quarrel possible—oh! well I know I need not urge you to that valour which is your native breath. Right well I know how true your hearts do beat under their steely panoply; and there is false Philip watching you, and here am I! Yonder, behind us, the grey sea lies, and if we fall or fail it will be no broader for them than 'tis for us. Stand firm to-day, then, dear friends and cousins! Remember, every blow that's struck is struck for England, every foot you give of this fair hillside presages the giving of an ell of England. Remember, Philip's hungry hordes, like ragged lurchers in the slip, are lean with waiting for your patrimonies. Remember all this, and stand as strong to-day for me as I and mine shall stand for you. And you, my trusty English yeomen," said the soldier King—"you whose strong limbs were grown in pleasant England—oh! show me here the mettle of those same pastures! God! when I do turn from yonder hireling sea of shiny steel and mark how square your sturdy valour stands unto it—how your clear English eyes do look unfaltering into that yeasty flood of treachery—why, I would not one single braggart yonder the less for you to lop and drive; I would not have that broad butt that Philip sets for us to shoot at the narrower by one single coward tunic! Yonder, I say, ride the lank lusty Frenchmen who thirst to reeve your acres and father to-morrow, if so they may, your waiting wives and children. To it, then, dear comrades—upon them, for King Edward and for fair England's honour! Strike home upon these braggart bullies who would heir the lion's den even while the lion lives; strike for St. George and England! And may the sweet God who gives the fortunes of each day judge now 'tween them and us!"

As the King finished, five thousand English archers went forward in a long grey line, and, getting into shot of the first ranks of the enemy, drew out their long bows from their cow-hide cases and set the bowfeet to the ground and bent and strung them; and then it would have done you good to see the glint of the sunshine on the hail of arrows that swept the hill-side and plunged into those seething ranks below. The close-massed foemen writhed and winced under that remorseless storm. The Genoese in front halted and slung their crossbows, and fired whole sheaves of bolts upon us, that fell as

stingless as reed javelins on a village green, for a passing rainstorm had wet their bowstrings and the slack sinews scarce sent a bolt inside our fences, while every shaft we sped plunged deep and fatal. Loud laughed the English archers at this, and plied their biting flights of arrows with fierce energy, and, all in wild confusion, the mercenaries yelled and screamed and pulled their ineffectual weapons, and, stern shut off from advance by the flying rain of good grey shafts, and crushed from behind by the crowding throng, tossed in wild confusion, and broke and fled.

Then did I see a sight to spoil a soldier's dreams. As the coward bowmen fell back, the men-at-arms behind them, wroth to be so long shut off the foe, and pressed in turn by the troops in rear, fell on them, and there, under our eyes, we saw the first rank of Philip's splendid host at war with the second; we saw the billmen of fair Basequerard and Bruneval lop down the olive mercenaries from Roquemaure and the cities of the midland sea, we saw the savage Genoese falcons rip open the gay livery of Lyons and Bayonne, and all the while our shafts rained thick and fast among them, and men fell dead by scores in that hideous turmoil—and none could tell whether 'twas friends or foes that slew them.

A wonderful day, indeed; but hard was the fighting ere it was done. My poor pen fails before all the crowded incident that comes before me, all the splendid episodes of a stirring combat, all the glitter and joy and misery, the proud exultation of that August harvest and the black chagrin of its evening. Truth! But you must take as said a hundred times as much as I can tell you, and live continually my bare suggestions with your generous understanding.

Well though our archers stood the first brunt, the day was not left all to them. Soon the French footmen, thirsting for vengeance, had overruled and trampled down their Genoese allies, and came at us up the slope, driving back our skirmishers as the white squall drives the wheeling seamews before it, and surged against our palisades, and came tossing and glinting down upon our halberdiers. The loud English cheer echoed the wild yelling of the Southerners: bill and pike, and sword and mace and dagger sent up a thunderous roar all down our front, while overhead the pennons gleamed in the dusty sunlight, and the carion crows wheeled and laughed with hungry pleasure above that surging line. Gods! 'twas a good shock, and the crimson blood went smoking down to the rivulets, and the savage scream of battle went up into the sky as that long front of ours, locked fast in the burnished arms of France, heaved and strove, and bent now this way and now that, like some strong, well-matched wrestlers.

A good shock indeed! A wild tremendous scene of confusion there on the long grass of that autumn hill, with the dark woods behind on the ridge, and, down in front, the babbling river and the smoking houses of the ruined village. So vast was the extent of Philip's array that at times we saw it extend far to right and left of us; and so deep was it, that we who battled amid the thunder of its front could hear a mile back to their rear the angry hum of rage and disappointment as the chaotic troops, in the bitterness of the spreading confusion, struggled blindly to come at us. Their very number was our salvation. That half of the great army which had safely crossed the stream lay along outside our palisades like some splendid, writhing, helpless monster, and the long swell of their dead-locked masses, the long writhe of their fatal confusion, you could see heaving that glittering tide like the golden pulse of a summer sea pent in a crescent shore. And we were that shore! All along our front the stout, unblanching English yeomen stood to it—the white English tunics were breast to breast with the leathern kirtles of Genoa and Turin. Before the frightful blows of those stalwart pike-men the yellow mail of the gay troopers of Châteauroux and Besançon crackled like dry December leaves; the rugged boar-skins on the wide shoulders of Vosges peasants were less protection 'gainst their fiery thrust than a thickness of lady's lawn. Down they lopped them, one and all, those strong, good English hedgehogs, till our bloody foss was full—full of writhing Bisc and hideous screaming Genoese. And still we slew them, shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, and still they swarmed against us, while we piled knight and vassal, serf and master, princeling and slave, all into that ditch in front. The fair young boy and grey-bearded sire, the free-man and the serf, the living and the dead, all went down together, till a broad rampart stretched along our swinging shouting front, and the glittering might of France surged up to that human dam and broke upon it like the futile waves, and went to pieces, and fell back under the curling yellow stormcloud of mid-battle.

Meanwhile, on right and left, the day was fiercely fought. Far upon the one hand the wild Irish kerns were repelling all the efforts of Beaupreau's light footmen, and pulling down the gay horsemen of fair Bourges by the distant Loire. Three times those squadrons were all among them, and three times the wild red scns of Shannon and the dim Atlantic hills fell on them like the wolves of their own rugged glens, and hamstrung the sleek Southern chargers, and lopped the fallen riders, and repelled each desperate foray, making war doubly hideous with their clamour and the bloody scenes of butchery that befall among their prisoners after each onset.

And, on the other crescent of our battle, my dear, tuneful, licentious Welshmen were out upon the slope, driving off with their native ardour one and all that came against them, and, worked up to a fine fury by their chanting minstrels, whose shrill piping came ever and anon upon the wind, they pressed the Southerners hard, and again and again drove them down the hill—a good, a gallant crew that I have ever liked, with half a dozen vices and a score of virtues! I had charged by them one time in the day, and, cantering back with my troop behind their ranks, I saw a young Welsh chieftain on a rock beside himself with valour and battle. He was leaping and shouting as none but a Welshman could or would, and beating his sword upon his round Cymric shield, the while he yelled to his fighting vassals below a fierce old British battle song. Oh! it was very strange for me, pent in that shining Plantagenet mail, to listen to those wild, hot words of scorn and hatred—I who had heard those words so often when the ancestors of that chanting boy were not begotten—I who had heard those fiery verses sung in the red confusion of forgotten wars—I could not help pulling rein a moment as that song of exultation, full of words and phrases none but I could fully understand, swelled up through the eddying war-dust over the Welshmen's reeling line. I, so strong and young; I, who yet was more ancient than the singer's vaguest traditions—I stopped a moment and listened to him, full of remembrance and sad wonder, while the pean-dirge of victory and death swelled to the sky over the clamour of the combat. And then—as a mavis drops into the covert when his morning song is done—the Welshman finished, and, mad with the wine of battle, leapt straight into the tossing sea below, and was engulfed and swallowed up like a white spume-flake on the bosom of a wave.

For three long hours the battle raged from east to west, and men fought foot to foot and hand to hand, and 'twas stab and hack and thrust, and the pounding of ownerless horses and the wail of dying men, and the husky cries of captains,



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and the interminable clash of steel on steel, so that no man could see all the fight at once, save the good King alone, who sat back there at his vantage-point. It was all this, I say; and then, about seven in the afternoon, when the sun was near his setting, it seemed, all in a second, as though the whole west were in a glow, and there was Lord Alençon sweeping down upon our right with the splendid array of Philip's chivalry, their pennons a-dance above and their endless ranks of spears in serried ranks below. There was no time to think, it seemed. A wild shout of fear and wonder went up from all the English host. Our reserves were turned to meet the new danger; the archers poured their greygoose shafts upon the thundering squadrons; princes and peers and knights were littered on the road that brilliant host was treading—and then they were among the English yeomen with a frightful crash of flesh and blood and horse and steel that drowned all other sound of battle with its cruel import! Jove! What strong stuff the English valour is! Those good Saxon countrymen, sure in the confidence of our great brotherhood, kept their line under that hideous shock as though each fought for a crown, and, shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand, an impenetrable living wall derided the terrors of the golden torrent that burst upon them. Happy King to yield such stuff—thrice-happy country that can rear it! In vain wave upon wave burst upon those hardy islanders, in vain the stern voice of Alençon sent rank after rank of proud lords and courtly gallants upon those rugged English husbandmen—they would not move, and when they would not the Frenchmen hesitated.

"Twas our moment! I had had my leave just then new from the King, and did not need it twice. I saw the great front of French cavalry heaving slow upon our hither face, galled by the arrow-rain that never ceased, and irresolute whether to come on once again or go back, and I turned to the cohort of my dear veterans. I do not know what I said, the voice came thick and husky in my throat, I could but wave my iron mace above my head and point to the Frenchmen. And then all those good grey spears went down as though 'twere one hand that lowered them, and all the chargers moved at once. I led them round the English front, and there, clapping spurs to our ready coursers' flanks, five hundred of us, knit close together, with one heart beating one measure, shot out into array, and, sweeping across the slope, charged boldly ten thousand Frenchmen!

We raced across the Crecy slope, drinking the fierce wine of expectant conflict with every breath, our straining chargers thundering in tumultuous rhythm over the short space between, and, in another minute, we broke upon the foemen. Bravely they met us. They turned when we were two hundred paces distant, and advancing their silken *fleur de lys*, and pricking up their chargers, weary with pursuit and battle, and came at us as you will see a rock-thwarted wave run angry back to meet another strong incoming surge. And as those two waves meet, and toss and leap together, and dash their strength into each other, the while the white spume flies away behind them, and, with thunderous arrogance, the stronger bursts through the other and goes streaming on triumphant through all the white boil and litter of the fight, so fell we on those princelings. 'Twas just a blinding crash, the coming together of two great walls of steel! I felt I was being lifted like a dry leaf on the summit of that tremendous conjunction, and I could but ply my mace blindly on those glittering casques that shone all round me, and, I now remember, cracked under its meteor sweep like ripe nuts under an urchin's hammer. So dense were the first moments of that shock of chivalry that 'en our horses fought. I saw my own charger rip open the glossy neck of another that bore a Frenchman; and near by—though I thought naught of it then—a great black Flemish stallion, mad with battle, had a wounded soldier in his teeth, and was worrying and shaking him as a lurcher worries a screaming leveret. So dense was the throng we scarce could ply our weapons, and one dead knight fell right athwart my saddle-bow; and a flying hand, lopped by some mighty blow, still grasping the hilt of a broken blade, struck me on the helm; the warm red blood spurting from a headless trunk half blinded me—and, all the time, overhead the French lances kept stooping at the English lion, and now one went down and then the other, and the roar of the host went up into the sky, and the dust and turmoil, the savage uproar, the unheard, unpitied shriek of misery and the cruel exultation of the victor, and then—how soon I know not—we were travelling!

Ah! by the great God of battles, we were moving—and forward—the mottled ground was slipping by us—and the French were giving! I rose in my stirrups, and, hoarse as any raven that ever dipped a black wing in the crimson pools of battle, shouted to my veterans. It did not need! I had fought least well of any in that grim company, and now, with one accord, we pushed the foeman hard. We saw the great roan Flanders jennets slide back upon their haunches, and slip and plunge in the purple quagmire we had made, and then—each like a good ship well freighted—lurch and go down, and we stamped beribboned horse and jewelled rider alike into the red frothy marsh under our hoofs. And the *fleur de lys* sank, and the silver roe of Mayenne, proud Montreaur's azure falcon, and the white crescent of Donzenac went down, and Bernay's yellow cornsheat and Sarreburg's golden blazon, with many another gaudy pennon, and then, somehow, the foemen broke and dissolved before our heavy, foam-streaked chargers, and, as we gasped the hot breath through our close helmet-bars, there came a clear space before us, with flying horsemen scouring off on every hand.

The day was wellnigh won, and I could see that far to left the English yeomen were driving the scattered clouds of Philip's footmen pell-mell down the hill, and then we went again after his horsemen, who were gathering sullenly upon the lower slopes. Over the grass we scoured like a brown whirlwind, and in a minute were all among the French lordlings. And down they went, horse and foot, riders and banners, crowding and crushing each other in a confusion terrible to behold, now suffering even more from their own chaos than from our lances. Jove! brother fad brother down that day, and comrade lay heaped on living comrade under that red confusion. The pennons—such as had outlived the storm so far—were all entangled sheaves, and sank, whole stocks at once, into the floundering sea below. And kings and princes, hinds and yeomen, gasped and choked and glowered at us, so fast-locked in the deadly wedge that went slowly roaring back before our fiery onsets, they could not move an arm or foot!

The tale is nearly told. Everywhere the English were victorious, and the Frenchmen fell in wild dismay before them. Many a bold attempt they made to turn the tide, and many a desperate sally and gallant stand the fading daylight witnessed. The old King of Bohemia, to whom daylight and night were all as one, with fifty knights, their reins knotted fast together, charged us, and died, one and all, like the good soldiers that they were. And Philip, over yonder, wrung his white hands, and pawned his revenue in vows to the unmoved saints; and the soft, braggart peers that crowded round him gnawed their lips and frowned, and looked first at the ruined, smouldering fight, then back—far back—to where, in the south, friendly evening was already holding out to them the dusky cover of the coming night. It was a good day indeed, and may England at her need ever fight so well!

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
MISH-NISH.—In your proposed solution of No. 2423, after 1. B to K 3rd, K to K 5th, there is no mate next move, as the K escapes at K B 6th. You are, however, one of the few un-deceived by No. 2423.

A T (Kendal).—You have not succeeded this time; but so many expert solvers have failed over the same problem that you err in good company.

R H LEGGE.—We shall be glad to receive your further solutions, and hope they will all be as conspicuously successful as the first has been.

W KNIGHT.—If any one without a reputation—yourself, for instance—will send us a problem half as good, it shall be published. Meanwhile, even our waste-paper basket is too good for your foolish effusions. You should learn to solve a problem before you attempt to criticise it.

R KELLY.—Will you please send us a diagram of the corrected position? You are correct in your supposition about Mr. Healey.

C P P.—One of the problems shall appear.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from E. B. Schwann and A. T. Richardson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2417 received from O. H. B. (Barkly East, Cape Colony); of No. 2418 from O. H. B. and Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2424 from Captain J. A. Challice, New Forest, A. (winner), H. Chown, W. H. D. Henry, M. M. Luddorff, W. David, F. Warham, R. Worts, E. W. Brook, Sorrento (Dawlish), Tortebees, Rev. W. H. Cooper, P. C. (Shrewsbury), and G. James.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2425 received from R. H. Legge (Norwich), L. Desanges, F. Warham, M. R. Fitzmaurice, Tranniere, L. Schlu (Vienna), Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), Dawn, W. R. B. (Plymouth), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E. Loudon, B. H. Brooks, H. S. B. (B. R. B. (Plymouth), R. Worts (Canterbury), Rev. C. T. Salisbury, Joseph T. Pullen, Julia Short (Exeter), W. H. Bailem, T. Roberts, M. Burk, W. H. J. Henry, Blair H. Cochrane, O. W. L. Fisher (Belfast), D. McCoy (Galway), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Shadforth, E. H. Columbus, Hereward, Mish-Nish, J. Coad, B. D. Knox, J. F. Moon, F. Fernando, Herbert Chown, and J. Dixon.

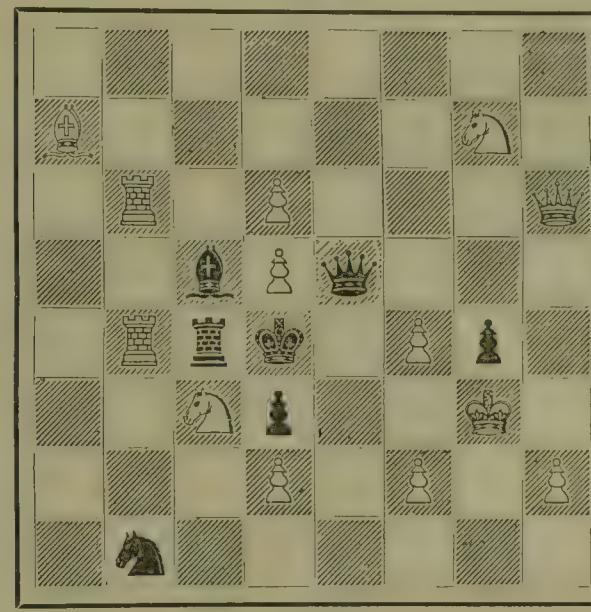
NOTE.—Many correspondents have been fairly entrapped by Mr. Healey's problem, No. 2425. Solutions are proposed by 1. Q to Kt 5th (ch) and Q to Kt 4th. In each case it is overlooked that the defence of B to Q B 4th puns the adverse Kt, which cannot then give the desired mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2423. BY MAX J. MEYER.

WHITE.
1. Q to R 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2427.
By E. J. WINTER WOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE MANCHESTER CHESS CONGRESS.
Game played between Messrs. TARRASCH and BLACKBURN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (MR. T.) BLACK (MR. B.) WHITE (MR. T.) BLACK (MR. B.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 22. P takes Q K takes Kt

2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 23. P to B 4th

3. B to Kt 6th P to Q 3rd

4. P to Q 4th P takes P

5. Kt takes P B to Q 2nd

6. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to B 3rd

7. Castles B to K 2nd

8. P to Q Kt 3rd Castles

9. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K sq

The immediate necessity of this retreat is not obvious. The coming attack on the King's side is as yet remote, and this move savours of over-caution. We should have preferred Kt takes Kt at once.

10. Kt to Q 5th Kt takes Kt

11. B takes B Q takes B

12. Q takes Kt B to Q sq

13. Q R to Q sq Q to K 3rd

Black cannot now play P to Q B 3rd with advantage; if P to Q B 3rd, Kt to K 3rd, threatening P to K 5th, &c.

14. Q to Q 3rd P to Q B 3rd

This weakens his P, and allows the Kt to obtain a still better position shortly. P to K B 4th was probably too bold for tourney play, but it looks inviting.

15. Kt to K 3rd P to B 3rd

16. Kt to B 5th B to B 2nd

17. K R to K sq R to K 7th (ch)

18. P to Q B 4th R to B 2nd

Overlooking White's clever rejoinder, which either gains the exchange or a winning position.

19. Q to R 3rd K to R sq.

20. Kt to R 6th Q takes Kt

21. Kt takes R (ch) K to Kt sq

This, one of the final games of the tournament, has been played in fine style by White, whose victory over his formidable opponent is a fitting climax to a unique performance.

Game played between Messrs. GUNNBERG and TAUBENHAUS.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (MR. G.) BLACK (MR. T.) WHITE (MR. G.) BLACK (MR. T.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th A good move, gaining the open file for the R, and weakening Black's position.

2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 16. P takes P

3. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd 17. R takes P R takes P

4. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 4th

5. P takes P Kt to Q R 4th

6. B to Kt 3rd (ch) P to B 3rd

7. P takes P P takes P

8. B to Q 3rd

The usual move here is R to K 2nd. If then P to R 3rd, Mr. Steinitz advocates Kt to R 3rd, which claims gives White a winning advantage. A game by correspondence with these opening moves will form one of the matches between Steinitz and Tschauder, the former playing White.

9. Castles B to Q B 4th

10. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Q 3rd

11. Q Kt to K 4th Kt takes Kt

12. Kt takes Kt P to K B 4th

13. Kt takes B Q takes Kt

14. B to K 2nd P to B 4th

15. P to Q 3rd R to Kt sq

16. P to K B 4th

17. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

18. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

19. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

20. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

21. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

22. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

23. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

24. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

25. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

26. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

27. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

28. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

29. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

30. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

31. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

32. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

33. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

34. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

35. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

36. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

37. P to R 3rd R to Kt sq

38. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq

39. R (Kt sq) to K sq R to Q R sq

40. R to K 2nd P takes P

41. P takes P R to R 8th

42. R (Q sq) to K sq R to Kt 2nd

43. B to B 4th R takes R

44. R takes R K to K 2nd

45. R to Q R sq B takes B

46. K takes B K to K sq

47. R to K 7th (ch) K to Q 3rd

48. R to G 6th (ch) K to Q 2nd

49. P to K 5th P takes P (ch)

50. K takes P K to B 2nd

51. R to Q B 6th Kt to Kt 4th

52. R takes B P K to B 6th

53. R to R 5th K to K 7th

54. R to R 7th (ch), and wins.

Drawn Game.



1. A ruined Pagoda at Old Pagan.

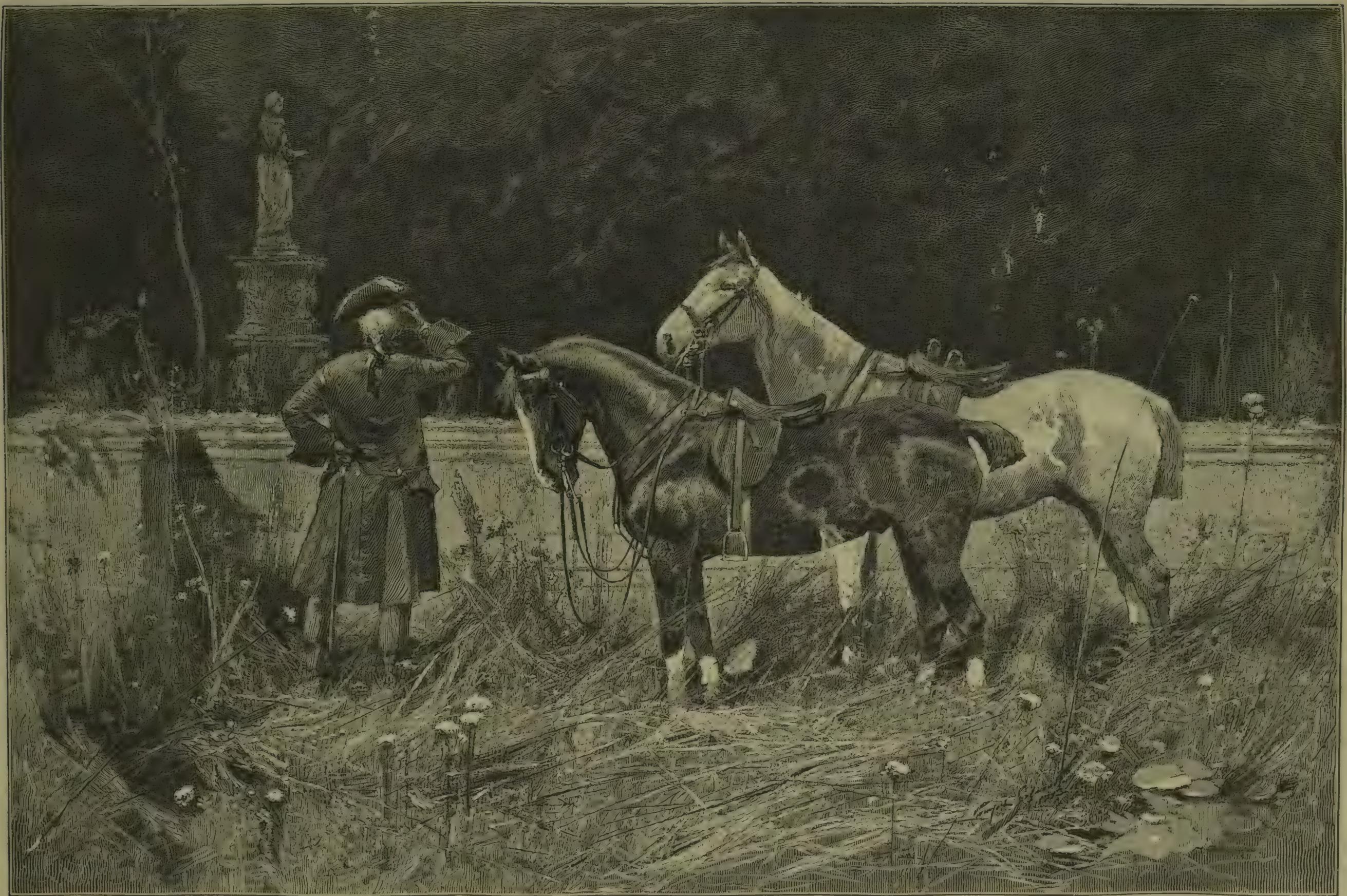
2. Dome of the great Pagoda at Old Pagan.

3. The Bodhi Pagoda.

4. The "Thapcnya" (Omniscient) at Old Pagan.

5. The Ananda Pagoda.

6. The Gandapalen Pagoda.



AT THE RENDEZVOUS: A CRUEL HOAX.

A CRUEL HOAX.

A slight effort of imagination will suffice to comprehend the mortifying position of the gentleman who has been deceived by a false message or forged letter into the expectation that a lady will meet him for the purpose of an elopement. He has brought horses to the appointed place of rendezvous, and is prepared to mount, mount and away! But she knows nothing of the hazardous scheme, and is safe in her parental home, while he is left to cool his ardour in the evening air, not unobserved by deriding jealous or contemptuous rivals. It may be that a duel will be the consequence: such affairs have occasionally taken place in the olden time; but there is more prudence and discretion in the conduct of modern lovers, whatever novelists may fancy. At any rate, they do not elope on horseback, but from the most convenient railway-station.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDWARD SHELLEY, BART.

Sir Edward Shelley, fourth Bart., died on Sept. 17, at Avington, Hants, aged sixty-two. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John Shelley of Avington, and nephew of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet. He succeeded to the title at the decease of his cousin, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart., and married, in 1866, Mary, daughter of Mr. Henry Mitchell Smyth of Castle Widenham, county Cork.



CAPTAIN BLANE, R.N.

Captain Arthur Rodney Blane, R.N., second son of the late Sir Hugh Seymour Blane, Bart., died at Heggatt Hall, Norwich, on Sept. 29. He was born July 25, 1834, and entered the Royal Navy in 1848. His services in the Baltic campaign—1854-5—gained for him a medal, and those in China—1856-65—a medal with three clasps. Captain Blane married, in 1878, Mary Georgina, daughter of Mr. J. Pitcairn Campbell of Burton Hall, Cheshire, and leaves issue.

CAPTAIN BLANE, R.N.

We have also to record the deaths of—
Captain Matthew Dixon, R.N., on Sept. 29, at 29, Green Park, Bath, in his ninety-second year.

Mr. Felix Knyvett, on Sept. 29, at Ashwellthorpe, Watford, Herts, aged eighty-two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles James Borton, formerly of the 9th Regiment, on Sept. 29, at 54, Oxford-gardens, in his fifty-third year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard I. Llewellyn of Streathall, Essex, late of the 3rd Battalion Durham Light Infantry, and formerly Captain 46th Regiment, on Sept. 27, at Brighton, aged fifty-eight.

The Rev. Verney Cave-Browne-Cave, in Holy Orders of the Church of Rome, second son of the late Sir John Robert Cave-Browne-Cave, Bart., of Stretton Hall, Derbyshire, on Sept. 30, at Norton Curliu, near Warwick, aged fifty-seven.

Mr. Francis Valentine Bennett of Thomastown, King's County, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1854, eldest son of the late Mr. Valentine Bennett of Thomastown, by Elizabeth Helen, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Ryan of Inch, in the county of Tipperary, on Sept. 27, aged sixty-four.

Major-General Boisragon, late 5th Goorkhas and 4th Sikhs, a distinguished officer, served in the Burmese War, 1852-3 (present at the relief of Pegu), and in the Indian Mutiny Campaign at the siege and capture of Delhi, where he was dangerously wounded. He was Commandant of the 4th Sikhs from 1860 to 1880.

Claude Stephen William Richard, Lord Kilworth, only child of the late Richard Charles More-Smyth, and grandson and heir-apparent of the present Earl of Mountcashell, on Oct. 1, at 8, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, aged two years and nine months. In consequence of his death, Mr. Edward G. A. H. More becomes heir-presumptive to the family honours.

Mr. George Price, second son of the late Sir Rose Price, Bart., of Trengwainton, Cornwall, and Worthy Park, Jamaica, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. Charles Lambert of Beau Parc, at Bella Vista, Babaccombe, on Sept. 29, aged seventy-eight. He was twice married. His son by his first wife, the Hon. Emily Plunkett, is Commander George Edward Price, R.N., and M.P. for Devonport.

Mr. George Barnard, landscape artist, on Sept. 29, aged eighty-three. He was well known for his water-colour pictures of Alpine scenery, and was one of the earliest members of the Alpine Club. He was drawing master at Rugby School for a great many years, and was the author of several works of great utility to the student—"Foliage and Foreground Drawing," "Landscape Painting in Water-colours," "Drawing from Nature," "Large Studies of Trees," &c.

Captain George Frederick Paterson of Castle Huntly, Perthshire, Highland Borderers Militia, on Sept. 30, aged thirty-three. His great-grandfather, George Paterson, who adopted the medical profession, went to India as official secretary to Sir Robert Harland, and on his return married the Hon. Anne Gray, daughter of Lord Gray of Kinfauns, and purchased the old Castle of Lyon, in the Carse of Gowrie, to which he restored the name of Huntly, given to it by the second Lord Gray when the castle was built, A.D. 1452.

Sister Rose Gertrude has resigned her position on the Leper Island.

It is announced that the Queen of Roumania has contributed £10 towards the support of the life-boat maintained by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution at Llandudno.

The Rev. Dr. James, Principal of Cheltenham College, has been appointed Head Master of Clifton College, in succession to the Rev. J. M. Wilson. Dr. James will enter upon his new duties at Christmas.

Mr. W. A. Robinson, J.P., of Culloden House, Holywood, has presented his mansion and eleven acres of grounds as an episcopal residence in perpetuity for the Bishops of the diocese of Down, Connor, and Dromore.

Sir John Lubbock, Principal of the Working Men's College, opening the thirty-seventh session, congratulated teachers and students on the steady progress and development of the institution, and especially on the fact that the past year had been one of considerable activity in all educational matters.

A conversazione, arranged by the members of the Architectural Association, was held on Oct. 3 at the Westminster Townhall, when there were present about 700 ladies and gentlemen. The entire building was used for the occasion, and was illuminated with every variety of electric light. The hall was hung with specimens of "craft" in the shape of tapestry, chintz, carpets, rugs, &c., and there the visitors were received by the president, Mr. Leonard Stokes. In the ante-rooms were exhibited a large number of prize and class drawings, the work of the students, together with a number of water-colour drawings. In the Council Chambers were given two short illustrations of hypnotism by Dr. Geo. Andrc.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

Nineteenth Century.—“The Labour Revolution,” if it comes to that, is discussed by three different writers. Mr. H. H. Champion's imaginary conversation between four or five politicians, holding the opinions of various classes and schools, unconsciously exposes the menacing demagogue, Blake, as an artful ruffian, who tries to overbear the moral and economic objections to an Eight Hours Law by intimating that the necessary alternative is permitting “Strikers” to break the heads of men who choose to work. Mr. T. R. Threlfall, secretary to the “Labour Electoral Association,” reviews the proceedings of the recent Liverpool Trade Unions Congress, censures the intemperate behaviour of the Socialist faction, and expresses some apprehensions that there may be a secession of the Lancashire and other textile trades, depriving the Congress, in future, of its imposing pretensions and means of action. The Hon. Reginald Brett, keeping aloof from particular labour questions, plaintively inquires, “What are the Ideals of the Masses?” He fears they are wanting in high moral sentiment and religious earnestness, although Cardinal Manning and Mr. John Morley have spoken to them; and he calls for men of faith to appear as “men of light and leading.” The Governor of Jamaica, Sir Henry Blake, describes the varied and abundant natural resources of that beautiful island, the recent “awakening” of its colonial inhabitants to their opportunities of development, the salubrity and pleasantness of the highland districts; and invites English emigrants to a country which is, we believe, as suitable for their occupation as Queensland or the northern part of New Zealand. Dr. H. Behrend calls attention to scientific testimonies of great authority concerning the probable transmission of tubercular disease (phthisis, or lung consumption) to the human body from eating the flesh of diseased oxen and other animals, also from the milk of cows so infected; he demands preventive legislation. Some traits of the personal manners and private influence of the late Cardinal Newman are agreeably described by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The observations of Mr. Hamilton Aide, in Sicily, on the domestic life and habits of the people, show a considerable remainder of primitive rudeness and barbarism in that half-Italian island. The Bishop of Carlisle acutely criticises and controverts the Darwinian example of the cell-architecture of bees and wasps as an effect of natural selection by the struggle for existence. The late French hostilities with Dahomey, with the situation and condition of that savage West African Kingdom, are explained by Mr. Archer Crouch. Miss Benson defends household service for girls and young women in a delightfully wise, kindly, gentle, and truly Christian ladylike essay, on the mutual duties and benefits of good mistresses and good servants. The weak points of the Congregational or Independent form of religious organisation, especially with regard to the position of pastors or ministers, are discussed by Mr. B. Paul Neuman and the Rev. Herbert Darlow. “An Armenian's Cry for Armenia,” by Mr. Aratoon Malcom, is not much more than a cry, being deficient in political argument of weight. The internal office concerns of the Admiralty are severely exposed by Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P., who demands a reform of its constitution. Mr. J. D. Rees, of the Indian Civil Service, recommends cautious inquiry and deliberation before meddling with the Hindoo law and custom of marriage for female children.

Contemporary Review.—A memorial eulogy of the late Canon Liddon, by his friend Canon Scott Holland, will be read with interest, and is worthy of the subject. Sir T. Farrer's strictures on Mr. Goschen's financial policy may furnish a weapon to leaders of the Opposition Party. Sir Morell Mackenzie's remarks on the use and abuse of hospitals in London, more especially the out-patient department, which is not in a satisfactory state, should command a thoughtful consideration. “Vernon Lee,” an accomplished and powerful lady writer, contributes the first portion of a tale entitled “A Worldly Woman.” The recent progress of European Christian missionary efforts in China is described by the Rev. Dr. W. Wright. A topic of deep interest to psychologists and moralists, the power of hypnotism in mental suggestions, is treated by Mr. A. Taylor Innes with reference to the apparent possibility of its being abused for criminal purposes, or affecting the trial of criminals. Mr. Michael Mulhall takes stock of the existing materials for the study of vital, commercial, financial, agricultural, industrial, and social statistics, and for comparisons and speculations derived from them. The future conditions and operations of naval warfare are shown by Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy to be tremendous. Mr. Justice O'Hagan supplies a memoir of Thomas Davis, the poet of the Young Ireland Nationalist Party forty-five years ago. Dr. Geffeken scrutinises the financial and economic condition of the Italian Kingdom.

Fortnightly Review.—In a highly encouraging statement of South African prospects, by a resident there, it is affirmed that the Dutch and English populations are rapidly advancing to a social fusion; and the Transvaal and Orange River separate Republics, while averse to political union with the Cape Colony, are now cordially disposed to join hands with our own colonists for most purposes of common interest. The oppressed condition of the Jews in Russia is exposed by Mr. E. B. Lanin, a bitter foe of the Russian official administration. Sir Frederick Pollock's critical remarks on the merits of Milton as a poet and prose writer might have been regarded as superfluous, but he is able to point out some peculiarities not hitherto observed. Miss M. Dowie, the young lady whose pedestrian ramble in the region of the Carpathians was related at the Leeds meeting of the British Association, supplies an entertaining description of Ruthenia, one of the Polish provinces of the Austrian Empire. The commencement of a new tale by the eminent Russian moralist and novelist, Count Tolstoi, entitled “Work while ye have the Light,” and having its scene laid among the early Christians in Asia Minor under the reign of Trajan, promises much severe discussion of the religious duty of asceticism, in the vein of “The Kreutzer Sonata.” The conflict of opinion in the United States concerning the Protectionist tariff is examined jointly by two writers, Mr. A. Egmont Hale and Mr. O. E. Wesslau. Father Bowden defends the philosophical and theological argumentation of Dr. Hettlinger, in his Catholic treatise on Natural Religion, against the disparaging critique of Mr. W. H. Mallock. There is a survey of the late International Medical Congress at Berlin; an inspection of the three pictures, by Velasquez, Moroni, and Holbein, recently added to our National Gallery; and an essay, by Mr. George Saintsbury, on the tales and romances produced by Anthony Hamilton, author of the Memoirs of Grammont. Mr. George Meredith begins a fresh novel, “One of our Conquerors,” which will certainly be worth reading.

National Review.—The need of a reform of the Colonial Office, as a feeble and dilatory agency of political business demanded by the interests of the Colonies, is temperately urged by Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., who seems not to have any positive measures to propose. Mr. W. Gallatly examines the statistics of girl graduates' success at University examinations for honours. The reckless disfigurement of metropolitan streets by vulgar display in shop-fronts

and advertising placards is denounced by Mr. Richardson Evans. “Homicide as a Misadventure” is the title of Mr. H. W. Hubbard's protest against the perilous sale and consumption of some patent medicines containing poisonous ingredients. The Rev. Harry Jones pleads for a more refined, temperate, and discreet conduct of the arrangements at public dinners. Mrs. Ross sketches the career of the eminent German tragedian Louis Devrient, who died in 1832. The respective claims of the tithepayer and the titheowner are examined by Mr. Charles Slesa. Madame Blaize de Bury writes of Byle-Stendhal, an important figure in French literature half a century ago. The mode of deciding labour disputes by strikes, called “The New Ordeal of Battle,” the merits of Count Mattei's treatment of cancer, and the potato blight in Ireland, are discussed in the remaining articles.

New Review.—The management of the trained nursing service at the London Hospital is described by Mrs. Lücke, the matron, and is defended against some ignorant attacks. Archdeacon Pott contributes his personal reminiscences of the late Canon Liddon. Mr. George Howell, M.P., analyses the results of the proceedings of the Liverpool Trades Congress, and finds that the Socialist Democrats have won but “a barren victory.” The plans of street improvements in London are judged by Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., and by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., to be wanting in due care for architectural harmony and effective combination. Mr. H. M. Hyndman endeavours to prove that the latest and most recent teachings of economic science are not adverse to Socialism. Mr. George Moore vindicates the authority of the Censor of Plays. Sir Charles Dilke produces further articles of his “Radical Programme.” The antique romance of “The World's Desire” is continued by Messrs. H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang.

The other monthly magazines—*The English Illustrated*, *Blackwood's*, *Macmillan's*, *Murray's*, *Longman's*, *The Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Woman's World*, *The Gentleman's*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and *The Century*, *The Naval and Military*, and those of a popular character, are much as usual, with miscellaneous contents of average quality, but do not require particular description.

ART MAGAZINES.

The editor of the *Magazine of Art*, without doubt, succeeds well in the difficult task of providing, month by month, an agreeable supply of interesting literature for the large mass of his artistic readers. With the September number terminates the brief “Account of Illustrated Journalism in England,” by Mr. Williamson, which seems to have been intended to pave the way, so to speak, for the reception of the new weekly illustrated paper which is announced as soon to appear. In the same number Mr. Du Maurier, the popular *Punch* artist, continues his essay on the illustration of books, this time from the serious artist's point of view. A second article on the modern schools of painting and sculpture is contributed by Claude Phillips, and there is also an account of the sculpture of the year as seen at the London exhibitions. The two most attractive items in the October number of the *Magazine of Art* are the articles on Josef Israels, the Dutch painter, and the Frenchman Degas, from whom the modern school of impressionism has obtained so much inspiration. Both accounts are illustrated with capital reproductions of studies and pictures by the respective artists. The question as to whether there should be a “British Artists' Room” at the National Portrait Gallery is considered by the Editor, who gives quotations from letters from the trustees opposing or in favour of the scheme.

The list of contents of the *Art Journal* for September comprises no topic of peculiar interest. “Sight and Memory in relation to Art,” by W. W. Fenn, is a practical plea for a much-needed system of training the memory for the painter's purposes in all art schools and academies. Mr. E. Somerville discourses on the different types one meets among the copyists in the Paris picture galleries, and contributes illustrations from his own brush. With the last article in the number is a capital engraving of Millet's “Tricoteuse,” and a reproduction of the well-known portrait of the artist by himself. The full-page steel engraving of Mr. Keeley Halswell's picture “Non Angi sed Angeli,” which is the chief illustration in the number, convinces one that Mr. Halswell's wide reputation rests chiefly on his achievements in the department of landscape. The frontispiece of the October number is a reproduction of George Clausen's picture called “Ploughing,” and accompanies an account of that artist's work. The other pictures by the same painter which are reproduced, together with one or two sketches, look exceedingly well, and show how well adapted is process-engraving for rendering the delicate gradations of tone which are characteristic of Clausen's work. Wilfrid Meynell, in “Cardinal Newman and the Studios,” enumerates the various portraits of the late Cardinal which were taken at different periods of his long life, and gives several of the most noteworthy in illustration. Mrs. Andrew Lang writes on art in country inns and lodging-houses, and censures with well-merited severity the nondescript productions that did duty for household ornaments a generation or two ago.

SKETCHES AT GIBRALTAR.

The pleasure cruise to the Mediterranean and to Constantinople, provided last spring for the guests of the “Steam-yacht Victoria Company,” with most comfortable passenger accommodation, and with judiciously arranged stoppages at many interesting places, has been repeatedly noticed. Our Artist, Mr. W. D. Almond, who enjoyed this agreeable trip out and home, between Feb. 8 and April 7, supplied us with many acceptable Sketches, a few only of which have yet appeared in our pages. At Gibraltar, which is no foreign place, but is a cherished small piece of naval and military Great Britain, he nevertheless found plenty of human subjects for portraiture, sufficiently exotic and novel in their figures and costumes. The town is of mixed population, not more Spanish than English, but with large contributions from Morocco, from Malta, and from the Levant; Moors and Turks, Greeks, Jews, Maltese, and North African negroes. Many of the Spanish peasants, market gardeners, dairymen, horse-keepers or muleteers, and other petty traders and labourers, come in daily from the neighbouring country villages, and pass out of the gates when the evening gun is fired. Some of these people, accustomed to sell their wares or to offer their services in the Gibraltar market-place, employed our Artist's pencil during a few hours of his sojourn there. It is but a short ride or walk from Gibraltar into Spain, traversing a little space called the Neutral Ground, from one sentry line to the other. The town of La Linea, with 12,000 inhabitants, is thoroughly Spanish, having its bull-fights and other national institutions all complete. Across the bay lies Algesiras, another Spanish town; and there is no hindrance to friendly social intercourse, though few Spaniards can speak English, and it is seldom that a British soldier or sailor has the Spanish tongue at his command.

Sir John Henry Paleston has been appointed Constable of Carnarvon, in the room of the late Earl of Carnarvon,



SPANISH LADY.



MARKET WOMAN.



SERVANT.



BOY PORTER.



GOSSIP.



MOOR IN MARKET.

W.D. ALMOND
1890

A GIBRALTAR SWELL.



SELLING SPANISH POTTERY.



COACHMAN.



THE MASTER'S RETURN: A SCENE OF MOORISH LIFE.

THE MASTER'S RETURN.

Moorish domestic life retains the old style of Mohammedan households, among persons of rank and wealth, less altered in many respects than it may be in Egypt or Turkey, where foreign intercourse has of late years been favourable to a change of manners. The rich master of the family, possessing wives and slaves to the extent of his pecuniary fortune, is a lordly sort of patriarch, whose dignity must be attested by humble and assiduous services; very unlike the European gentleman quietly letting himself in with a latchkey, and going to his dressing-room without attendance. A friend of ours, whenever he came home, was met at the house-door by his faithful dog, bringing "master's slippers" and ready to take his boots to the scullery, with which useful attention our friend was amply content. It is otherwise, apparently, in the establishment of a great man in Morocco.

NEW BOOKS.

Court Life under the Plantagenets. By Hubert Hall, F.S.A. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—The method of illustrating ancient manners, customs, and institutions by a simple fictitious narrative, with long conversations between the leading personages, who are made to explain contemporary affairs to each other, and with minute descriptions of places, buildings, and dress, or of ceremonies and public actions of the time, has been practised by several learned students of English history in an instructive and agreeable way. One good example was "The Merchant and the Friar," by the late Sir Francis Palgrave, who introduced the Venetian traveller Marco Polo, in company with Roger Bacon, comparing their stores of knowledge and opinion six hundred years ago. Mr. Hubert Hall, of the Record Office, author of "Society in the Elizabethan Age," has produced a good work in this very readable volume, which is furnished with copious antiquarian notes, and is adorned with fine coloured plates, facsimiles of pictures in old manuscripts, and curious old woodcuts. The period he has chosen to illustrate is the year 1177, the twenty-third of the reign of King Henry II., a time of the greatest importance in the history of our laws and system of government; and the author skilfully contrives to make us easily acquainted, in some degree, with the English habits of domestic life both in country and in London; the proceedings of land-owning gentlemen, like Richard de Anesti, clerks, lawyers, merchants, Jewish money-lenders, Crown officials, courtiers, prelates, monks, and other classes of men, exercising their different functions, besides the popular sports and pastimes. One of the most remarkable incidents, which is strictly authentic, is the tedious and vexatious lawsuit which Richard de Anesti was obliged to prosecute, during six years, with costly references to the King's Court, the Archbishop's Court, and an appeal to the Pope in Rome, wasting his time and money in frequent long journeys and diverse forms of litigation, with heavy fees and fines, to prove his disputed inheritance of an estate, involving a question of divorce or nullity of marriage. The method of collecting the Crown revenues in the Exchequer at Westminster, from the Sheriffs of counties and from chief tenants and debtors of the Crown, is minutely described, with the use of the chequer-table, the furnace for assaying silver coin, and the "tallies"—wooden slips or sticks, in counterfoil pairs—to be cut with notches denoting the receipt of the sums paid in. The manners of the Royal Court, at Westminster and at Windsor, are vividly portrayed: King Henry's presence, freely conversing with his favourites, Ministers, Bishops, Earls, Knights, and the witty censor of abuses, Walter de Map, enhances the historical interest of these scenes. Hunting and hawking enliven the narrative, which concludes with a visit to the Abbey of St. Albans. The documents given in the Appendix supply a complete verification of all material points. We should recommend the perusal of Bishop Stubbs's excellent little book "The Early Plantagenets," in connection with this entertaining volume.

Acrobats and Mountebanks. By Hugues Le Roux and Jules Garnier. Translated by A. P. Morton. (Chapman and Hall.)—An entertaining French treatise on the gymnastic training and marvellous performances of different classes of the large tribe of circus athletes, with copious illustrations drawn by a clever French artist learned in the muscular structure and motions of the human body, should be a work of popular interest. It seems to be well translated into English, and makes a handsome and attractive volume. The "banquises," as all these people in France professionally style themselves, from the Italian word "saltimbanco," denoting that they used originally to leap upon a table for their exhibitions, are not to be confounded with the class of charlatans, or verbal and facial buffoons, conjurors, and frequent impostors, called "mountebanks" in our own country. No attainments are more real and genuine than those of trained public athletic performers, whose feats of strength, skill, and agility, sometimes too dangerous in appearance, are the result of laborious exercise, and a strictly temperate life. We are inclined to pass lightly over the earlier chapters of this book, in which M. Le Roux describes the trade organisation, the agencies for circus engagements in London and Paris, in Berlin and Vienna, and in New York, the advertising newspapers and placards, and the special business of management, giving portraits of Franconi, Barnum, Iloucke, manager of the Hippodrome, and other directors of such enterprises; and the lively notice of various exhibitions at Parisian and principal fairs is not strictly confined to the proper subject. It is followed by an account of the trainers and tasters of animals for public exhibition, dogs and cats, monkeys, bears, goats, elephants, lions, seals, birds, and serpents; and the instruction of horses for the circus is minutely detailed, before treating of the accomplished riders, male and female, one of whom, Emilie Loisset, is declared by the author to have been the object of his first passionate love. The Hippodrome has a chapter to itself. But the gymnasts, the equilibrists and acrobats, including rope-dancers, wire-dancers, and trapèze-swingers, are certainly entitled to fair professional rank, and their personal acquirements are highly interesting. It may be observed that M. Le Roux bears express testimony, though commonsense would be of the same opinion, to the irreproachable private lives, as women, of all female equilibrists; and, with regard to the male gymnasts, he also remarks that their severe physical exertions are "the best school of morality." We commend his account of these people, their character, education, and behaviour, as well as their extraordinary feats, to the unprejudiced reader, who will distinguish between genuine athletic or calisthenic proficiency and the vulgar display of situations of sensational peril. The volume concludes with a description of the private amateur circus established by M. Ernest Molier in Paris.

Wanted, a King; or, How Merle Set the Nursery Rhymes to Rights. By Maggie Browne. With Designs by Harry Furniss. (Cassell and Co.)—This delightful new fairy tale—as pleasing, if not quite so laughable, as "Alice in Wonderland"—furnishes an explanation of all the mysterious cross-purposes that perplex the immortal heroes and heroines of the

earliest history taught to children. Why did Jack and Jill fall down the hill? Why did Little Bo-Peep lose her sheep? Why did Little Jack Horner make a conceited boast of his own goodness? Why did the Old Woman who lived in a shoe treat her infants with some impatience and cruelty? Why don't all the people behave wisely and kindly, take care of themselves, and live together comfortably, in peace with one another? The reason is discovered by a brave little girl who dreams her way into "Endom," the kingdom of nursery mythology, where she learns the oppressed condition of its inhabitants, and delivers them by her acts of faithful courage. Their gloomy and malignant tyrant, Grunter Grim, an ugly elf with a cloak and hat of magic power, has usurped dominion in the absence of a rightful King. This Grunter Grim, if we mistake him not, is the familiar fiend too well known among us as Ill Temper; it is he who makes people do wrong, and gets them into needless troubles. The laws of Endom prescribe that its elective Sovereign is to be the Best Baby—not the Finest Baby, for every mother sticks that fond label on the cradle of her latest-born—no, but the Baby who is ever contented and happy, in spite of Grunter Grim's mantle of fitful moroseness, and whose smiling innocence rebukes all hateful feelings in the human heart. There was an interregnum in the legitimate rule. It is the mission of dear little Merle to disarm the wicked intriguer, and to find the true Child-King, the incarnate symbol of the Spirit of Peace. Her adventures and exploits are very amusing; and Mr. Harry Furniss is a clever artist in designing pictures of this droll and fantastic kind. But it is the truth and sweetness of the moral teaching that especially commends this story to parents, who would have their children learn to be happy through being generous and good.

ROUND THE CORNER.

Is there, can there be, anything more tedious to a traveller than pounding along a straight road—pursuing a direct, undeviating line, with never a turning nor a surprise on the right hand or the left—a course as rigid and inflexible as that of a canal, or a railway, or the highway across Salisbury Plain? How interminably long it seems—an endless length, like the Irishman's rope, of which the other end was cut off! Ah, how wearisome it stretches out before him into the dim and distant Beyond! He can't deceive himself about it; he can't cheat his lagging limbs with the assurance that at the next turning—plague upon it! 'twill never turn, but goes on and on and on, like the speeches of So-and-so (the reader can here insert the name of his favourite political aversion), or like the brook in the Latin adage, which to this day Rusticus is waiting to see run dry! Alas for the tired wayfarer! That straight, that cruelly straight road takes all the heart out of him—crushes his spirits like an abstruse mathematical formula. For myself, I can't abide a straight road. I have no sympathy with "local improvements" when they take this abhorred shape, when the pert surveyor comes with his levels, his chains, and what not, and lays down the shortest cut from here to there, and then goes away to boast of his fiendish work. What cares he for the sad pedestrian, whose soul faints within him as he sees the curveless, cornerless, inevitable "thoroughfare" lengthening out before him? like—like—but there is nothing in nature which affords a comparison! The surveyor saves him a hundred yards or so by the foot-rule, but deprives him of all the pleasant illusions which, by their enlivening effect on the imagination, saved him leagues! Believe me, this passion for cutting up God's earth into rectangles is the offspring of a vile utilitarian spirit, and no good can come of it. Though I be but as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" I will protest against it. I like a road which breaks up, as it were, into half a dozen roads; which strikes off abruptly at this point or at that; which takes, when least expected, a sudden curve, and even goes back a little upon itself—so that I have ample opportunities of considering what may lie round the corner, and can use my fancy or invention (such as it is) to beguile the length of the way. When the road is mapped out before my eyes with so deadly an exactitude that I see the whole of it from beginning to end as I advance, what room is left for possibilities? How can one imagine what may be lurking round the corner, when there is never a corner in the whole affair?

Now, you will observe that Nature loves to lie—round the corner. Even in wan Arctic wastes she piles up bergs and cliffs of ice which break the grim monotony and keep the imagination of the explorer continually on the stretch. Over the snow-bleached plains of farther Russia she plants thickets of spectral trees and raises gaunt rugged hills, round the corners of which she keeps her awful mysteries. And then her rivers! How they wind and curve and coil—how they swirl round grassy capes—how they sink into rushy coves, and widen into sparkling lagoons, and deepen into shadowy depths, always suggesting something new and strange to the voyager—the water-nymphs singing in a far-off bay, or Pan piping sadly a dirge for his dead Syrinx! But man comes and cuts off the corners! He digs his hideous trenches, and constructs his abominable locks and sluices, all that the grocer may sell his sugar a penny a pound cheaper! Burke's hackneyed regret for the departed age of chivalry was all very well; but we, my friends, will soon have to deplore the lost age of mystery; and then what will become of us? We shall know something (more or less) about everything; and not even in nature shall we be allowed to cherish our anticipations of the strange secrets that are hidden—round the corner.

We plant our trees in formal avenues, so many on either side—all in a row, like a company of soldiers "dressed" on parade. But give me Mr. Shenstone's "devious path through fringy woodland," winding in and out among the oaks and beeches, screening itself in mysterious glooms, loitering in ferny hollows where the thrushes sing, creeping by the side of the brook and listening to its babble, and fading away in the deep dense tangle of briar, bramble, and brushwood, where the owl hoots o' nights and the squirrel gambols on the mossy boughs all day. How do I know, as I step with noiseless feet among the dead, dead leaves, but that round the corner I may come upon a bevy of hamadryads dressing "their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken," or upon the fauns and nymphs pelting one another with silvery oak-apples and fir-cones brown, or upon Diana sleeking her fair limbs in the woodland pool, or upon Oberon and Titania holding their fairy court among the oxlips and the primroses, where the air is fragrant with the breath of the sweet wild thyme? Why not, I pray you? Such things have been: ask the poets. They will tell you that the forest is still full of beautiful visions and gracious creations when it is left in its magical and mysterious remoteness; and they will tell you of what they themselves have seen, and of what they themselves have heard—"fair faces and a rush of garments white," and faint sounds of unearthly music—which may also be seen and heard by you and by me, if we trust ourselves to the poets' guidance—round the corner.

Here we get at the real charm of a green English lane—such a lane as you will find among the groves of Warwickshire or in the Weald of Sussex, among the Devonshire orchards or the Surrey hills. Never mind where—a green lane is always a thing of beauty, with its shady trees and its hedges of hazel

and holly, its grassy borders and its banks bright with flowers. The birds know all about it, and so do the butterflies and the humming-becs, and the patient kine, which rest their smooth necks on the meadow-gate, and with wistful eyes look into its cool recesses. Oh! how it twists and curves! How it yields to every wild caprice! Here a tall elm throws out its mossy roots: this is reason good why it should strike in a new direction. There a thatched cottage projects its rosebound porch: what more natural than that our green lane should swerve towards it? A tiny rivulet deepens into a mimic pool: of course our lane bends round it like a loving arm. I have in my mind's eye a delightful "green lane": from its starting-point to its ending-point the distance, as the crow flies, may be some two hundred yards; but my lane contrives to cover a full half-mile; and yet I declare to you that I have always found the "short cut" longer and more fatiguing than all the convolutions of my lovely lane. Such a lane! so full of corners! As you track its wayward progress you double a corner here and a corner there, and a corner farther on, and another, another, and yet another; and, before you come to each, you wonder what will lie on t'other side of it, and always happen upon something fresh, so that you feel like Stanley advancing through a succession of new lands! For, first, you rejoice in the ringdove's haunt, next in the primroses' bank, and next in the clump of chestnuts, and next in the old stile that leads into the coppice, and next in the bit of orchard that screens from sight the old mill, and next in the little dell where the foxgloves grow, and next—but my readers shall not be deprived of the pleasure of guessing for themselves what of grace and interest and beauty may lie—round the corner! It is a long lane, says the proverb, that has no turnings. A lane? Nay, nay, let us call it an abomination! A green lane should be full of them; the more the merrier.

And so should a good book be. Not, of course, your Euclids, Newtons, Laplaces, and the like: science, I suppose, must seek the shortest way to its goal. And, necessarily, your books of religious and moral teaching can't be too straightforward in placing before mankind the *via recta*—the straight way. But a book that is meant to make us at home with its author—oh! that may wander in and out like a green lane! The more delightful the country it traverses, the more plentiful should be its circumambulations. That is the best of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." The poet roams hither and thither as the spirit moves him, and is constantly whetting our appetite with his suggestions of the fair landscapes or the feasts of necromancers that are prepared for us—round the corner. He takes none of your direct, unerring, shortest routes—not he! He moves in a hundred different courses; and at one time we see Una or Angelica rescued from danger by the prowess of gallant knight—at another, a blear-eyed wrinkled hag bending over her brew of devilish potions; at one time, a magical garden, with radiant fountains and leafy groves, blooms before us; at another, a horrid cave appalls with the roar of monsters—it is a strange, a bewildering, a delightful phantasmagoria. I confess to a liking for the many-volumed romances of Calprenède and Mademoiselle de Scudéri, such as "Pharamond" and "Le Grand Cyrus"; for the "Voyages Imaginaires," such as the "Entretiens du Comte du Gabalis," or Bonjean's "Voyage du Prince Fan Feredin"; for the "Gesta Romanorum"; or for Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison"; or for Montaigne's Essays, because they are rich in corners—in agreeable détours and pleasant divagations—and, never knowing what may next befall, we plod onwards with a kind of grateful expectancy—with a satisfied conviction that the author has in store for us all manner of novel scenes and incidents. Of a good thing, it is said, one may have too much—of a good book never! Who grumbles at the length of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"? How many pages could be spared out of "Don Quixote"? In our high-pressure days it is a recreation for the brain and a cordial for the heart to get hold of a book which keeps us on the tenterhooks of suspense as to what may be in reserve—round the corner.

The romance of life consists in its unexpectedness. Its course is like that of a forest path or a green lane; its incessant windings and circumvolutions, its turns and re-turns, fill us with continual wonder. But observe, it is this very element of surprise that quickens all our faculties, stimulates us to repeated efforts, keeps up the free motion of our blood, and tones us down to what George Meredith calls "the painful rigour of endurance." Were it a straight and well-defined highway, the goal of which we could see from our point of departure—of which we could count the risks and forecast the dangers, and compare the barren places with the occasional garden plots, we should pursue our journey in a listless temper, hoping nothing, deceived in nothing, desiring nothing. It is our very ignorance of what may lurk round the corner that spurs us to make fresh demands upon our energies, and pricks and goads a not ignoble ambition to quit ourselves like men, though the heavens should fall. I remember to have seen a drawing of a man, with a naked stiletto in his hand, crouching in the deep shadow of a wall just where the alley that gave him shelter opened into the bright blithe street, down which a cavalier, with plumed cap on head and love-favour in his breast, came in dreadful unconsciousness of the death-blow that awaited him—round the corner. There are dark corners like this in everybody's life. We approach them in pure lightness of heart, with a gay step and a snatch of song, ignorant that the agents of Fate or Circumstance are standing on tiptoe in the darkness to thrust at us as we pass. The stroke sometimes misses, and we continue our way unwitting of the danger we have escaped. Or we see it in time to interpose our buckler, and baffle the aim of our assailant. Happily there are brighter corners; and we turn there, to be received in the embrace of Love or Friendship, and to bask in the smiling sunshine of Fortune. So that life seems to resemble one of those old mediæval towns where the highway twists and winds past fortress-tower and abbey-church and convent-garden, and we pass from the shadow into the light, and from the light into the shadow, never knowing what will greet us next; a glimpse, perhaps, of a dread torture chamber, or a place of graves, or a vista of bowers and vineyards crowned by a purple sca—always something that wakes the soul and touches a chord of responsive emotion. Such is the drama of life from day to day. Each night we know not what grace or terror, what woe or pleasure, what friend or foe, is there—there, round the corner of the morrow; but we pluck up our courage, and go forward. One day we shall come to the last turning—yes, the last! Heaven grant that no hideous terror, or cloaked shadow, but a sweet and silent angel, with folded wings, and the love of God shining in the depths of its luminous eyes, may then and there receive us—round the corner!

W. H. D.-A.

Mr. Alderman Savory, the Lord Mayor-elect, has appointed his brother, the Rev. Ernest Lloyd Savory, Rector of Palgrave, Suffolk, to be his chaplain during his year of office. Mr. William Jameson Soulsby, barrister, of the Middle Temple, has been reappointed as private secretary for the sixteenth year in succession.

LLOYD'S AND THE UNDERWRITERS.

Towering head and shoulders above the crowd of institutions that have helped to make this country great, and win for her the maritime supremacy of the world, stands the Corporation of Lloyd's. The name is as familiar in our mouths as household words, but how few there are who know anything really definite of its origin, or of what goes on within its walls to-day! Yet the history of this time-honoured institution is closely bound up with the commercial history of this country; and, supposing that, by some impossible combination of circumstances, its doors were to be closed to-morrow, its collapse would be, perhaps, more widely felt than that of any other commercial institution in the world.

But as great rivers often trace their sources to the smallest of streamlets, so this mighty institution sprang from the humble origin of a riverside coffee-house. At the close of the seventeenth century, Tower-street was one of the principal thoroughfares in the City of London, and there it was that Edward Lloyd, from whom the world-famous institution takes its name, established his coffee-house. The date usually assigned to the first existence of the establishment is 1710, but in No. 2429 of the *London Gazette* is an advertisement concerning a supposed theft by a "middle-sized man, with pockholes in his face," which stated that anyone giving notice of the whereabouts of the missing property "to Mr. Edward Lloyd, at his coffee-house in Tower-street," would be suitably rewarded. The date of this is 1688, when the place was probably a common resort of seafaring men. In 1692, Mr. Lloyd removed his establishment to the corner of Lombard-street and Abchurch-lane, a few doors from the General Post Office, and nearer the centre of the commercial life of the City. But the identification of his house with marine insurance had not yet begun. The removal westward, though it involved the loss of patronage by the seafaring section of the community, was, nevertheless, a step nearer prosperity, as Lloyd gained more than he lost in the acquisition of the custom of merchants of standing. Still, Lloyd's was only one of a number of such houses, having for rivals



PULSFORD.
From an Etching by R. Dighton.

Garaway's, Jonathan's, Baker's, and others, in Exchange-alley which, a chronicler of the period states, were chiefly frequented by "brokers, stock-jobbers, Frenchmen, Jews, as well as other merchants and gentlemen." John's Coffee-house, too, was a celebrated one in those days; but Baker's is the only one, besides Lloyd's, which has descended to our day. Lloyd, by his energy and activity, soon succeeded in gathering round him a considerable *clientèle*, and the records of the period contain frequent advertisements of shipping sales by "inch of candle," which took place at this tavern. But this only paved the way for greater undertakings, for, as Lloyd's house became more and more the resort of persons connected with shipping, his enterprise found more and more encouragement, and the year 1696 saw the establishment of a newspaper, published three times a week, giving shipping and commercial news, and known as *Lloyd's News*. Copies of all but the first seven numbers are still in existence; but the paper's career was cut short at the seventy-sixth number in consequence of the proprietor having been guilty of printing some very harmless information of the proceedings in the House of Lords. For this heinous offence Mr. Lloyd was promptly called upon to suppress his journal. Accordingly, no further issues were printed till 1726—nearly thirty years having elapsed—when the journal was revived under the title of *Lloyd's List*, the publication of which—though under a different name since 1834—has been continued down to the present day.

Meanwhile, the suppression of *Lloyd's News* does not seem to have interfered with the prosperity of the coffee-house, which continued to increase with every year. One feature of the place which contributed to this success in a very marked degree was the practice of holding daily sales by auction in the coffee-house. At these sales property of the most miscellaneous description was disposed of; and some of the advertisements of the time are very curious reading.

Marine insurance, as yet, was not of the first importance at the coffee-house in Lombard-street, being secondary to that of the collection and dissemination of news. The insurance of ships would appear to have been only one of the numerous excuses for speculation to which the South Sea Bubble had



JAMES DEWAR—"AFTER A STORMY NIGHT."
From an Etching by R. Dighton.

given rise. All sorts of curious schemes were floated, such as "Assurance from Lying," "Rum Assurance," "Assurance of Female Chastity," and many other oddities more or less absurd, but all finding support. But the desirability of merchants obtaining some more sound system by which their property could be insured against loss or damage increased, and marine insurance, as practised to-day, crept gradually into vogue; first by individuals assuming risks for premiums received on the strength of their own good names, and afterwards by combinations in the form of companies. Lloyd's Coffee-house was found to be a convenient exchange for merchants and brokers, and thus a centre was established for the carrying on of marine insurance business, the frequenters assembling at their will, but not yet bound by any rules or regulations. As business increased, however, the coffee-house was found to be insufficiently commodious, and about 1770 the brokers and underwriters removed their rendezvous to temporary quarters

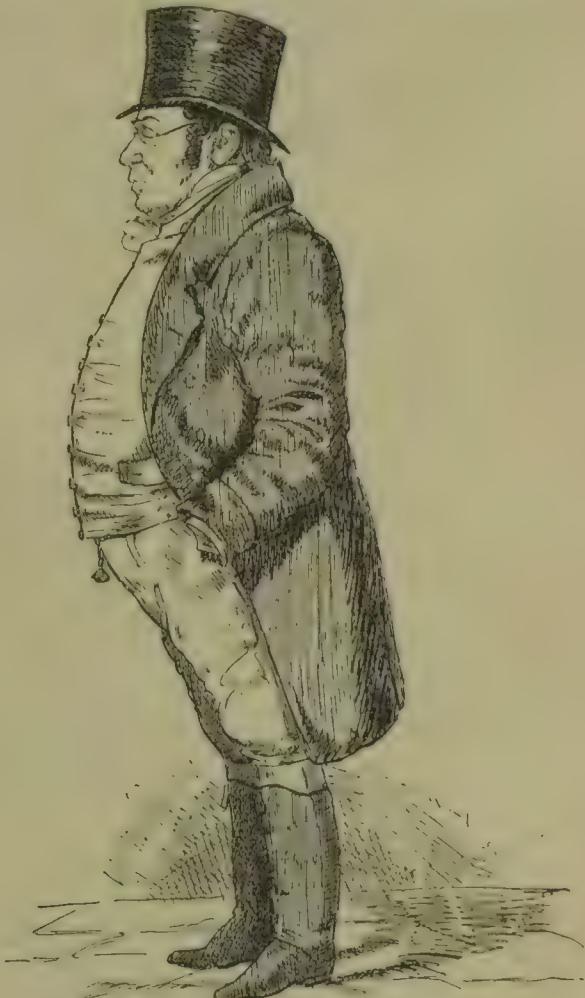


BENJAMIN BOVILL.
From a Print by R. Dighton, 1824.

in Pope's Head-alley. A year later, on the invitation of Mr. M. K. Van Mierop, a Dutch gentleman of high commercial standing, seventy-nine underwriters met for the purpose of electing a committee who should seek a suitable home for "Lloyd's" in place of the rooms in Pope's Head-alley, which had been found to be quite unadapted for the purposes for which they were used. These seventy-nine men, whose names are still preserved, each put down £100, and ultimately, after much troublesome negotiation, the rooms then lately occupied by the British Herring Fishery Company in the Royal Exchange were taken, and the name of "New Lloyd's Coffee-house" was transferred to the new premises.

Mr. John Julius Angerstein—of German extraction, but a native of St. Petersburg—deserves mention here as being the real author and leading spirit of this movement. When only fourteen years of age, young Angerstein entered the office of Mr. Andrew Thompson, a constant attendant at the coffee-house. By his energy and intelligence he raised himself to the position of a merchant and underwriter on his own account; and it was owing to his untiring efforts that brokers and underwriters ultimately found a permanent home and centre in the Royal Exchange, to which they removed in 1771. Some idea of the growth of Lloyd's may be gathered from the fact that in 1774 there were 79 subscribers only, and this year there are about 700 members—of whom 580 are underwriting members—500 subscribers, and 500 "substitutes."

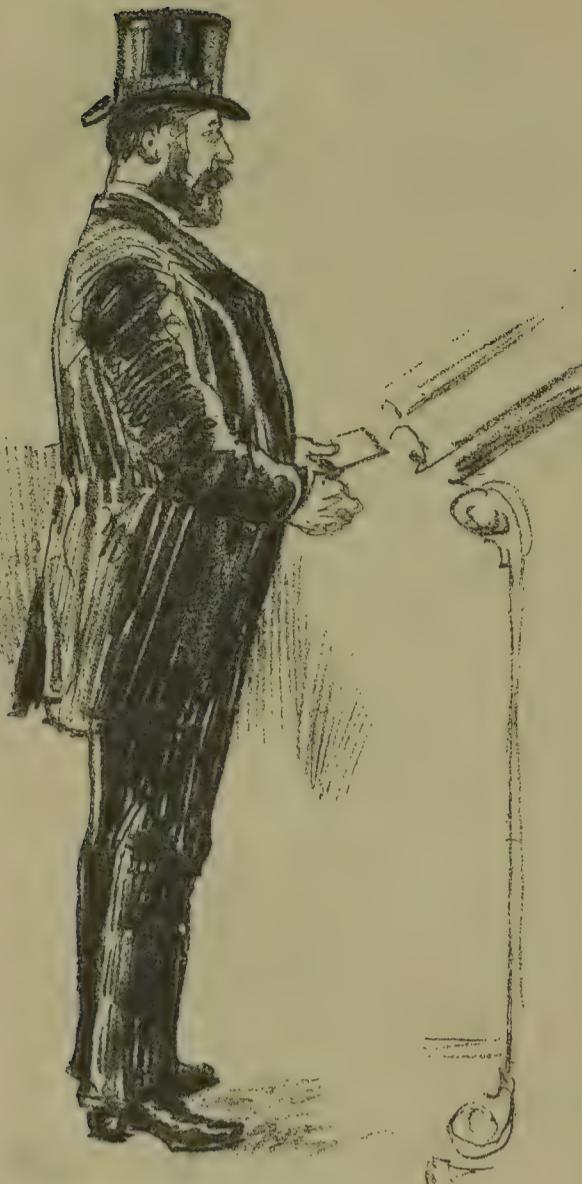
The establishment of a regular organised community for the conduct of marine business rendered it also desirable to adopt some definite form of marine policy, instead of the many varieties which had been in use; and so in 1779 the printed form of policy, which is still in regular and general use, was drawn up at a fully attended general meeting of the members. The only change in the wording of this document—which Mr. Justice Buller once described as "absurd and incoherent," and Lord Mansfield as "a very strange instrument"—was made in 1850, when the pious preamble of "In the Name of God, Amen," was abolished, and the formal "Be it known that" substituted. This is the only alteration that



RICHARD THORNTON.
From an Etching by R. Dighton, 1813.

has been made in this document, drawn up more than a century ago; and, though it may justly be stigmatised as "hardly intelligible," yet it has the merit of having had almost every clause explained by many legal decisions. Another thing worth noting is the clause towards the end of the document, to the effect that "This Writing or Policy of Assurance shall be of as much Force and Effect as the surest Writing or Policy of Assurance heretofore made in Lombard-street, or in the Royal Exchange, or elsewhere in London." At the time this form was drafted the connection between Lloyd's and Lombard-street had long been severed, but the memory was still preserved.

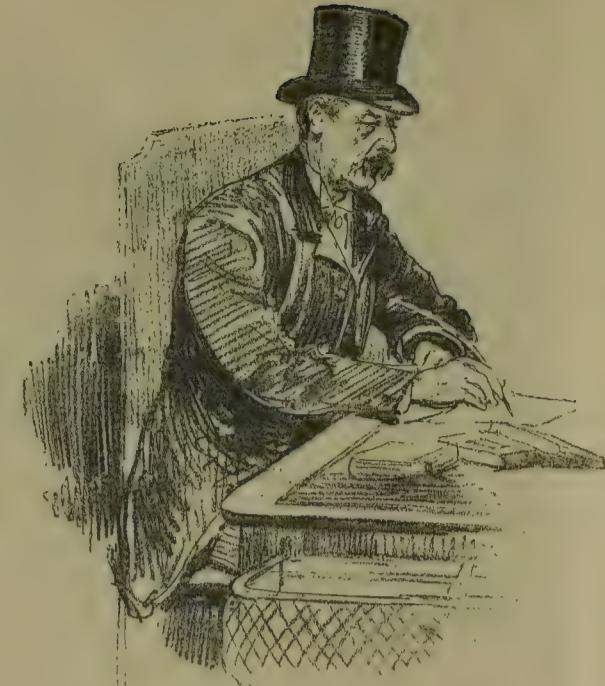
It was not until May 1871 that, owing largely to the efforts of Mr. B. C. Stephenson—who is now, perhaps, better known as the author of "Dorothy" than as the late secretary of Lloyd's—the charter of incorporation was granted to Lloyd's, the corporate objects being, briefly: (1) The carrying on of the business of marine insurance by members of the society; (2) The protection of the interests of members of the society in respect of shipping and cargoes and freight; and (3) The collection, publication, and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping. The carrying out of the last named of these objects—always a prominent feature of the "coffee-house"—has of late years reached a high standard of perfection. The intelligence department comprises in the first instance about 1500 agents, who are stationed in every town and port of the globe frequented by vessels; and it is the duty of these officials to give prompt information of all arrivals, sailings, wrecks, casualties, and other occurrences to headquarters at the Royal Exchange. The selection of these agents is entrusted to a special committee, and the post of Lloyd's agent is eagerly sought after on account of the social position and prestige which the appointment confers. The information thus obtained is sifted and distributed for the benefit of subscribers, and the world at large. A staff of clerks is employed day and night to deal with the vast number of messages that are received. On receipt of a telegram it is first translated (if necessary), and then given to a clerk for several copies to be made. The English marine insurance companies who pay the full subscription of £400 a year to Lloyd's have messengers with



A GLANCE AT THE LOSS BOOK.



A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE.



AN UNDERWRITER.

In addition to these books a "Captains' Register" is also kept. This is nothing less than a biographical dictionary of the whole of the certificated commanders of the British mercantile marine, numbering some 30,000. The information contained in this register is furnished exclusively to Lloyd's from the records of the office of the Registrar-General of Shipping and Seamen, and is supplied under the authority of the Board of Trade. The information given, though most concisely arranged, gives each man's full mercantile history—his age; the date and place of his birth; the port at which he was examined, with the date of his examination; the names of the ships in which he has served, whether as master, or mate with a master's certificate; and whether those vessels have come to grief under his care or not. This book of records, one would think, would be a sufficient deterrent against careless navigation on the part of captains; but underwriters even now are sometimes heard to exclaim that more stringent penalties should be enforced for gross negligence when some fine vessel



A DOORKEEPER.

shipping news sent every ten minutes during the day, and at the same time reports are constantly being wired to other maritime centres in connection with Lloyd's, such as Liverpool, Glasgow, or Hamburg. Another branch of this department which has been worked with great success is the reporting of vessels as they pass the various signal-stations established at important points along our coasts and at several places abroad, such as Gibraltar, St. Helena, Malta, Perim, and Aden. A ship to be reported has only to sail close in, and the news is immediately flashed along the wires to Lloyd's, and there posted and distributed for the benefit of all concerned. A small charge is made to shipowners for this information, but the system is very extensively made use of. A small office on the ground floor in Threadneedle-street is set apart for inquiries, which are answered free of charge, and many an anxious relative of some sailor in far-off lands wends her way thither to have her fears confirmed or hopes revived.

Nor does the work of recording end here. An elaborate system of indexing, first invented by Mr. James Bischoff and practised on his own account, is in vogue at Lloyd's, by which the whereabouts of vessels in every part of the world can be quickly ascertained. A number of huge volumes, alphabetically arranged, are placed in the Reading-Room, and a staff of clerks, under Mr. G. Shuckard, is constantly employed in entering up the records. The entries made in these volumes are references to *Lloyd's List* of given dates, by turning up the files of which, information can always be readily traced. Every year a new set of volumes is used, and the old ones are stored away for reference if required at any future time.



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROOM.



THE GREAT ROOM.



THE READING ROOM.

in which they are pecuniarily interested comes to destruction through recklessness or worse.

The completest biography of any captain, however, would be of little use without some particulars of the ship he navigated, and for this purpose "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping" is published annually, giving the fullest details of every British vessel of 100 tons and upwards, and including many foreign-owned ships as well. From the earliest days of the coffee-house the necessity of having some such record seems to have been recognised by underwriters, and accounts of such vessels as were likely to be offered for insurance were kept by the early frequenters of the place. These "Ships' Lists" were in manuscript, the first printed register being established about 1730. The date cannot be exactly determined, as the earliest copies were all destroyed by the great fire which in 1838 laid the old Royal Exchange in ashes, and consumed many other valuable books and documents relating to marine insurance. The work of surveying and classifying the vessels recorded in the "Register" is carried on under a committee specially appointed for the purpose, which, though distinct from Lloyd's, may yet be regarded as a sister association. To Mr. Thomas Chapman belongs the greater share of the credit of establishing "Lloyd's Register," which, in 1834, was remodelled with a new set of rules, the appointment of a number of surveyors, and so on; so that to-day the volume which is issued from White Lion-court is the most complete and reliable authority of the kind in existence. To give even a summary of all the information which is given in this volume would take up too much space. It is sufficient to say that, by means of it, an underwriter can see at a glance a vessel's condition, and its fitness for carrying any particular cargo or undertaking any particular voyage. The term "A 1," which has become a familiar expression of common usage, owes its origin to this publication—the letters signifying the highest class for wooden vessels. The symbol for the highest class of iron vessels is "100 A 1"; and the details given respecting construction, ownership, &c., combined with the signs and symbols allotted to each vessel, enable an underwriter to estimate to a nicety the requisite premium for any risk that may be submitted to him.

But, even with all these safeguards, underwriters are, from the very nature of the business, peculiarly exposed to frauds by unscrupulous persons. Everyone is familiar with the story related by Charles Reade, in "Foul Play," of how an owner of two vessels which were coming home from Australia—one with a cargo of copper, and the other of gold—caused the cargoes to be transferred from one to the other before sailing, in order to defraud the underwriters. The ship supposed to contain the nuggets, but which in reality had the copper on board, was scuttled, and a total loss claimed as for the gold. The story seems highly improbable, and most likely owed its origin to the fertility of the novelist's brain; but that similar fraudulent practices are by no means altogether things of the past is shown by a case which occurred so recently as last year. A vessel on a voyage from a small port in Spain to the Plate, and stated to have a valuable cargo of wine on board, was lost off the Cape Verde. A claim was, in due course, made upon the underwriters; but, their suspicions being aroused at so large a value of wine coming from so small and insignificant a port, investigations were made, which resulted in the discovery that most of the casks of wine (?) were filled with coloured water, and the claim was repudiated *in toto*. To the credit of this country, be it added, no participant in this scandalous swindle was of British nationality. Increased facilities of communication have rendered impossible frauds which, in former times, were of comparatively common occurrence; and Board of Trade inquiries, with the attendant pains and penalties on conviction, have done much to deter swindlers and assist underwriters.

And now let us describe the building where the headquarters of marine insurance are at present established. One might pass the Royal Exchange a hundred times a day without being aware of the existence of Lloyd's; but if he were to station himself on the east side of the building between the hours of eleven and four, he would notice a constant stream of people hurrying in and out of the main entrance, most of them with a busy, preoccupied air. Passing through the great iron gateway, and turning sharp to the right, the visitor finds himself in front of a large doorway, over the fanlight of which is the brief inscription "Lloyd's." Pushing open the swing door, a broad staircase leads up to the first floor, where the underwriting is conducted. But before passing the barrier—which is guarded by the veteran Williams, resplendent in scarlet robes and gold-banded hat, and whose vigilant eye is ever open to detect strangers—some formalities are necessary. Lloyd's is virtually a club, and therefore only open to members. Subscribers may, of course, introduce friends to show them round, but the presence of strangers is not encouraged; though in this respect Lloyd's is not quite so exclusive as the Stock Exchange. The stranger mentions to the janitor the name of the member he wishes to see, and this is repeated to the "caller" who stands in a kind of pulpit with a sounding-board, in the large Underwriting-Room, and who sings out the names in bell-like stentorian tones. This caller—Farrant by name—is quite a celebrity in his way, his stalwart figure and powerful voice being familiar to frequenters of public banquets, where he is in great request as toastmaster. Assuredly an exceptionally good pair of lungs is needed to make one's voice heard above the noise and bustle which fills the place. Down the entire length of the Underwriting-Room extend three rows of desks, or "boxes," as they are technically called. At these boxes, which accommodate three a side, the underwriters sit at the receipt of custom, while their clerks alongside are busy entering the "risks" as they are accepted, signing policies, or taking down claims that have been examined and passed. Affixed to each desk, as shown in our Illustration, is a wire receptacle for policies which have been signed, from which the brokers take them as they pass. The gangways between the rows of desks are thronged with brokers and clerks, with cases of "slips" in their hands, passing to and fro, between one underwriter and another; and no little dexterity is needed to avoid collisions as one pilots one's way along. A smaller Underwriting Room leads off from the left-hand side at the farther end of the room; but the object towards which all make their way on entering is the "Black Book"—a ponderous tome in which are recorded the losses as they are reported. Something like three thousand casualties are entered in the Loss Book in the course of the year. On the occasion of the memorable gale in 1881 no less than 108 casualties were recorded on its pages in one day; the number of lives lost at sea in the one week amounting to 673. The present year has been, undoubtedly, the most disastrous season experienced since 1864, not so much as regards the number of vessels lost, but the value of those whose arrival in port has never been chronicled has been so unusually high. To a student of human nature this Loss Book would afford ample opportunity for the exercise of his hobby, in observing the demeanour of those who peruse its pages. By long practice some underwriters in the "Room" have schooled themselves to betray by no movement of their features the fact that they are interested in any of the disasters there recorded. But not many have obtained so

complete a mastery over their emotions, and a close observer might generally tell who is "hit" and who escapes.

After digesting the contents of the Loss Book, frequenters of the "Room" generally make their way (sometimes via the Captains' Room) to the Telegram Room, technically known as the "chamber of horrors." Here copies of telegrams reporting casualties from all parts of the world are posted up, and an eager group is generally to be found scanning the news which means so much to them. Most of the telegrams refer to casualties not sufficiently important to be entered in the Loss Book, and so they are posted here on yellow flimsy, for all to read who care. Besides casualties, reports from our coasts are posted on brown-coloured paper, and foreign arrivals and sailings on yellow tissue; also committee notices, and lists of candidates for election as members or subscribers to Lloyd's. In the recess of one of the windows may generally be observed one or two notices on white paper. These refer to missing or overdue vessels. The custom of "posting" vessels that are overdue is a time-honoured formality at Lloyd's. When a vessel is so much overdue as to be generally regarded as hopeless, application is made to the committee to have the vessel "posted." If the committee consider such a proceeding would not be premature, a printed notice is on Wednesday affixed to the board near the window in the Telegram Room, stating that the committee would be glad of any information concerning the —, which left, say, London for Melbourne on such and such a day. The following Wednesday, if no news has been received in the meantime, a notification is posted up that the — left London for Melbourne on the — day of —, and has not since been heard of. Thus is a vessel "posted as missing" at Lloyd's, and on the day this formality is gone through the loss is payable by the underwriters, and collected by the brokers who effected the insurances. There are, also, two Arrival Books, which are placed on stands at the entrance to the Reading Room. One book is kept for the entry of all arrivals of vessels at home ports, and the other for arrivals at foreign ports, and both are constantly perused by underwriters. Facing them is the small partitioned-off retreat of Mr. C. B. Fowler, the genial and popular superintendent of the "Room."

(To be continued.)

with the "three-choir" meetings, of which that at Worcester has recently been recorded by us. Like them, however, that at Norwich has a benevolent purpose—in this case, the furnishing aid to the principal charities of the city and surrounding district. The Norwich Festivals have now been long in existence, this being the twenty-third triennial celebration. Like other provincial festivals, they have gradually expanded into an importance far exceeding that of their early conditions. Among the most memorable features in these celebrations is the fact that they first made worthily known to the English public the grandeur and beauty of Spohr's sacred works, his oratorios having been prominent features at several Norwich Festivals.

This year's celebration begins on Oct. 14, and closes on the 17th of the month. There will be less of novelty than was intended, Mr. Hamish McCunn having found himself unable to complete in time the new work which he was commissioned to produce. An interesting feature of the proceedings, however, will be the production of Dr. Parry's new setting of "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso"; and a novelty (as regards Norwich) will be the performance of the preludes and entr'actes composed by Dr. Mackenzie for the performance of "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum Theatre.

The chief works in which choral effects are prominent will be Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," Sir A. Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and a selection from Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer."

A full band and chorus are engaged, and the conductor will be Mr. Randegger, who succeeded the late Sir Julius Benedict in the office, on the retirement of the latter. Several of the works to be performed will be conducted by their respective composers.

The principal solo vocalists engaged are Madame Nordica, Misses L. Lehmann, Macintyre, Damian, and McKenzie; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. Davies, Mr. Henschel, Mr. Novara, and Mr. A. Marsh; the recitations in "The Dream of Jubal" being assigned to Miss Julia Neilson. Preliminary rehearsals have been held in London, at the Royal Academy of Music, and full rehearsals—of orchestra, chorus, and solo vocalists—will take place in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, immediately before the opening of the festival, to which further reference must be made hereafter.

Mr. Freeman Thomas's series of Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre closed on Oct. 4, after a season which has been attended with exceptional success. The concerts have presented a constant succession of varied attractions, suited to all tastes; a fine orchestra and eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists having contributed to the performances, which have been skilfully conducted by Mr. Gwynn Crowe.

The Crystal Palace authorities are already busy in preparation for the next triennial Handel Festival to be held there. The grand full rehearsal will take place on Friday, June 19, 1891; the performances being fixed for Monday, June 22 (the "Messiah"); Wednesday, June 24 (a miscellaneous selection); and Friday (June 26), "Israel in Egypt." This is very much on the lines of former festivals, which could scarcely be improved on as representative of the genius of the great composer.

The Promenade Concert season at the Crystal Palace opened on Oct. 4, and the far-famed Saturday Afternoon Concerts begin their thirty-fifth series on Oct. 11.

The beautiful residential estate of Calderwood, with the castle and grounds, has been purchased by Captain Dundas Gill, late 10th Hussars, for £45,000.

Mr. Brodie Hoare, M.P., opened a new hall and parish room in connection with St. Mary's Church, Kilburn, on Oct. 4, and in the course of his remarks spoke of social gatherings as exercising great influence for good.

The Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Oct. 3, distributed the certificates and medallions offered by the St. John's Ambulance Association, and gained by members of the City police force. His Lordship and several other speakers pointed out the great importance of first aid to the injured.

The concluding meeting of the stewards of the recent Worcester Musical Festival was held on Oct. 4, at Worcester, under the presidency of the Dean. The report showed that the profit on the festival had been more than £600, and that over £1000 had been collected at the cathedral for clerical charities.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society announce the awards to over 100 persons for gallantry in saving or attempting to save life, the result of the investigation of an unprecedentedly large number of cases which had been brought under its notice from all parts of the United Kingdom, and in a few instances from India and the Colonies.

The Bishop of Peterborough consecrated the new parish church of St. Paul's, Northampton, on Oct. 2. This is the fourth parish church erected in the borough during the past sixteen years as the outcome of the Church Extension movement. St. Paul's, which has cost £5000 and seats 600 people, is opened practically free from debt. The Mayor and Corporation of Northampton attended the opening ceremony.

The opening meeting of the London Congress of the International Literary and Artistic Association was held at the Mansion House on Oct. 4, the congress sitting daily at the same place until Oct. 11, inclusive, and discussing, among other things, the questions of the diplomatic convention as to copyright at Berne, American copyright, copyright in musical and dramatic works, copyright in matters of journalism and photography, the adaptation of literary works for the stage, and contracts between authors and editors.

We are requested to announce that the Commissioners of her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings intend to distribute this autumn, among the working classes and the poor inhabitants of London, the surplus bedding-out plants from Hyde and Regent's Parks, the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the Pleasure-gardens, Hampton Court. If the clergy, school committees, and others interested will make application to the superintendent of the park nearest to their respective parishes, or to the Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, or to the Superintendent of Hampton Court Gardens, in the case of persons residing in those neighbourhoods, they will receive early intimation of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of their distribution.

The first Saturday of the last month in the official Volunteer year witnessed a considerable resumption of activity on the part of the metropolitan Volunteer Corps, whose commanding officers are pressing on the completion of the efficiency drills and shooting. The most important work of Oct. 4 was the assembly at Caterham—the general rendezvous of the metropolitan regiments in the scheme of defence—of the North and 18th Middlesex Rifles, for outpost manoeuvres over ground coming within the zone of the defence plans.—The space in the arena of the Military Exhibition was devoted to all manner of competitions, serious and whimsical, on the part of members of the Volunteer force. The weather was fine, and the attendance proportionately large.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

Another of our great provincial music meetings is on the point of recurring—that which is held, triennially, in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich. These events have no association

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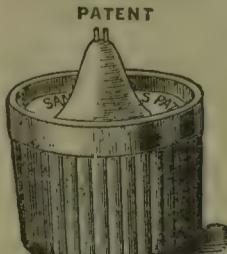
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they will burn in "Fairy" or "Fairy-Pyramid" Lamp.

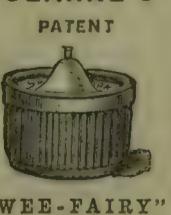
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"FAIRY" LIGHT.
With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing
6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours
each. 1s. per box.



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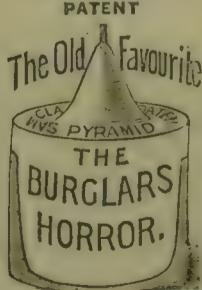
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A CUP OF TEA.

Almost as many poets (and poetasters) have sung the praises of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" as have written eulogies of the fragrant weed itself. If only as a kind of set-off to the charms of alcoholic beverages, the infusion of tea has been belauded with praise as a simple, harmless, and beneficent liquid. Teetotallers have set it on a kind of pedestal which raises it to the rank of nectar. Old ladies are popularly believed to regard tea as the elixir of life. Those who "burn the midnight oil" are supposed to consider tea as the only fit potion for warding off the attacks of the drowsy god. The clergy are theoretically regarded as patrons of Bohemia to an extent which constitutes the love of tea as a bond uniting them above and beyond all differences in things theological. Universally, then, tea seems to retain a firm hold on popular favour. May I, however, join the chorus of dissent—a feeble but earnest minority, no doubt—and give reasons for regarding as a thing to be ostracised this wholesale worship of the goddess Thea?

To begin with, tea is not a food. Let us be clear about this point, for it is an all-important item in the indictment I have to present against the Bohemian that cheers and the Congou that revives. By a "food" one means any substance which can contribute directly to the nutrition of the body. Fat is a food in this sense: so is sugar, and so is starch. Minerals—such as potash, iron, lime, and so forth—are also foods, because they assist in building up the natural structure of our frames. Again, the nitrogenous substances—albumen and casein and gluten, and the like—are foods, because they enter intimately into the composition of the most vital parts of animals. So that the list I have just given—nitrogenous matters, fats, starches, and sugars, and, finally, water—includes really all our necessities in the way of nutriment. It is true, of course, that most of the things we eat are in themselves combinations of "foods." Milk is not a single food (in the sense in which we use the term "food") but a combination of water (sometimes increased by the dairyman), minerals, fat, sugar, and casein. Beef, also, is not one food, but four at least—water, nitrogenous matters, fat, and minerals. In a word, the things we eat are compound foods; and in this sense there is observable a good deal of economy of stowage, seeing that in one meal (or even mouthful) we gain a very considerable mixture of nutriments, such as our bodies demand and require.

Where now, let us ask, does tea repose in the scientific list of nutriments? I reply, Nowhere at all. Let the chemist analyse tea for us, and tell us of what things it consists. Here is his reply: Minerals, leaf-debris, the merest traces of starch, and, finally, certain important bodies known as alkaloids, among which theine and caffeine stand out prominently. This is a rough-and-ready, but correct enough, sketch of what a chemist finds in tea. But, practically, my first charge against tea, that it is not a food, is really conceded by tea-drinkers themselves. For what do they value their tea? Not for its starch, its minerals, or any other of the infinitesimally represented elements, but for the theine and the caffeine just named. These last find no place in the physiologist's list of foods. They may be adjuncts, it is true, but they are not essentials. They may resemble the mustard and vinegar; they do not correspond to the necessary fat, starch, or nitrogenous elements of our food.

The utility of tea (for it is no part of my case to allege that it is of no value whatever) consists in its stimulating properties. The theine and caffeine are undoubtedly nerve-

stimulants in a very direct sense; and the reviving effects of a cup of tea are certainly due to the presence of these alkaloids. Suppose the position has been conceded—it could not well be maintained—that tea (and coffee) are not foods, what is the effect of the concession, my readers may ask? "You admit," they may say, "that tea is a useful adjunct to foods, and you have thereby given it a place and habitation in the dietetic lists of civilised people!" True, I reply; but how many of us realise what has just been admitted? Let us examine this phase of the matter closely, because, for years past, I have been impressed with the high social importance of teaching the people that tea and coffee are not foods. Think for a moment what people do suppose and believe tea and coffee to be. Do you know anything of the food-habits of working-folk? Have you studied the nutrition of mill-hands, milliners, and the great army of women-folk who labour and toil in our great centres of population? If not, just think of the enormous nutritive waste, and of the terrible error in dietetics, which every day represents, when you find the working-classes (and other classes as well) living chiefly on tea and bread. Emphatically in our great cities of industry it is tea for breakfast! tea for dinner! and tea for tea! It is so easily prepared, it gives a fictitious stimulation, and "the eternal teapot simmers on the hob" in every workroom, brewing the tea—and such tea!—in a thick black decoction full of tannin, the very appearance of which increases one's respect tenfold for the endurance of the human stomach.

Seriously, think over the indictment against tea as a fictitious "food." Working-folk, with not too much money to spend on anything, spend it largely on tea, under the delusion that tea represents solid, enduring nutriment. Vain delusion! Out of tea you can get practically no energy or force whereby to do work. Your body is really an engine, which, like every other machine, is dependent for its "power of doing work" upon the energy it draws from outside sources. Nature has decreed that it is upon fats and starches and sugars the human engine shall do its work; water being a vital necessity for every living thing, and the nitrogenous foods aiding the other foods at times, but being chiefly limited to building up the body's tissues. Out of the fat, starch, and sugar we eat, comes forth the power to do our work. On a little of these foods the human machine does a relatively great amount of work. On tea (and coffee) it declares its inability to do any work at all. That is sound science. And how does the spending of hundreds of thousands annually on tea (as a food) look, in view of the declaration of physiological chemistry? All waste! is the reply: so much money thrown to the dogs (in a nutritive sense), and so much energy erroneously sought for, and so much disease readily and ignorantly bought!

The end of the matter is that the only persons who can afford, in a physiological sense, to take tea are those who have plenty of food—I mean real "food"—to eat. Tea and coffee as adjuncts merely form agreeable beverages. They introduce into our system, in part, the water we daily demand as a necessity of life and action. They supply us with a mild form of stimulant—one effect of which is seen in the imaginative gossip wherewith the afternoon tea-fight is regulated. Also, they may aid the body's powers in limiting the waste processes of the frame. These are the direct effects and uses of tea; but it is clear they all lie beyond—far beyond—the direct work of nutrition itself. Tea is in no sense a "food," I repeat, and the sooner the masses of our land awake to a knowledge of this fact, the better for their prosperity, both physical and pecuniary.

This "tirade against tea" of mine (as I have heard it

called) is no new thing; but it is a species of counterblast. I have been talking about and writing about these ten years gone by at least. The late Dean of Bangor in his day protested against excessive tea-drinking, and that reminds me that among the well-to-do there is need of a word of warning against such excess. Ask any physician who labours in dispensary practice what he knows of the effects of under-nutrition as represented by tea (used as a food), and you will be surprised to hear of the amount of dyspepsia for which tea-drinking is responsible. What such illness means to the working-classes may be adequately judged when we remember that their health is their best (and only) stock-in-trade. Clergymen and other public workers might do many and much less useful things than to advise their people to think over what has been said about the utter uselessness of tea as a food. Take away tea, and what is left then for the working-man? I have no difficulty in replying—Cocoa. This last is a true food. It contains starch and fat and sugar, along with nitrogenous matter, and also a stimulating principle. A cup of tea in the morning is no fit breakfast for any man; but a cup of cocoa, with bread and butter, is really a meal on which the labourer may fitly begin the toil of the day.

ANDREW WILSON.

Captain Herbert Hart, the Mayor of Stamford, has been presented with a silver cradle to celebrate the birth of a child during his year of office.

The Rev. Dr. Abbott, late Head Master of the City of London School, has been presented with his portrait, painted by Professor Herkomer. The presentation was made at a banquet at the Freemasons' Hall, by the Rev. A. R. Vardy, Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham. There was a large gathering of old pupils, nearly two hundred and fifty in number.

In their twenty-fourth report, for the year ending March 31, 1890, the Commissioners of her Majesty's Customs observe that the revenue had made satisfactory progress during the past twelve months. With the exception of tea, there had been a marked increase in the yield of all its principal sources, and the falling-off in the receipt from tea has been fully accounted for. Of those of the minor sources in which a decrease is observable, the receipts from coffee and chicory had been declining for a considerable time past, and the yield from dried fruits fluctuates largely from year to year. There appears to have been a somewhat large increase in the number of cases of smuggling, the greater part of the seizures consisting of tobacco and spirits.

In a general order to the Army, the Commander-in-Chief has awarded the silver medal for distinguished conduct in the field to Sergeant J. Watts and Corporal H. M'Andrew, Royal Artillery, and to Corporal T. Portman, late Royal Artillery; also the medal for meritorious service to Battery Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Wilkins and Master Gunner J. M. Gunson, late Royal Artillery; Sergeant-Major W. Moulds, R.A.; Sergeant R. Nicholl, late 3rd Hussars; Troop Sergeant-Major R. Wingham, late 10th Hussars; Sergeant-Major G. Matthews, late 1st Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment; Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Mullins, late 1st Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment; Sergeant-Major W. M'Cleave, late 1st Battalion South Wales Borderers; Quartermaster-Sergeant E. Street, late Royal Berkshire Regiment; Sergeant-Major S. Grix, late 56th Regiment; Quartermaster-Sergeants C. Robinson and R. Battle, late 56th Regiment; and Sergeant-Major C. O'Callaghan, Connaught Rangers.

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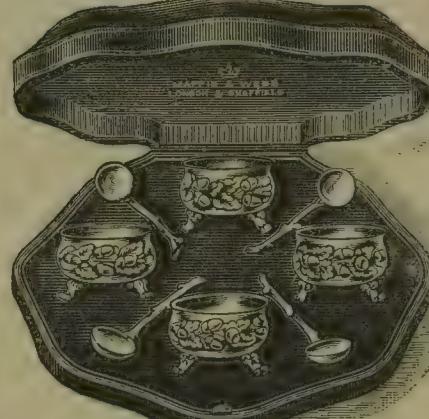
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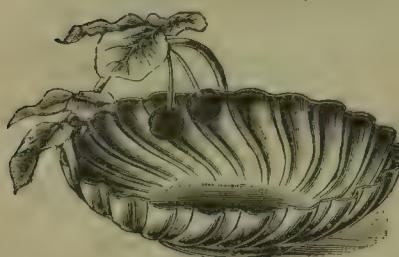
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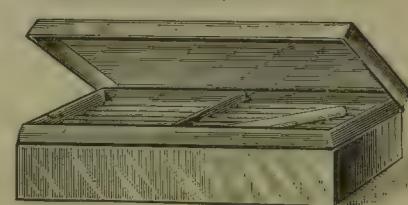
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For Wills and Bequests, see page 474; Ladies' Column, page 476.



AN INTERESTING RUBBER.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 9, 1890), of Mr. Joseph Barrows, late of The Poplars, Yardley, Worcestershire, who died on July 19 last, was proved on Sept. 20 by Thomas Welch Barrows and Frederick Welch Barrows, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £108,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Sarah Gover; £500 to his daughter Eliza Barrows; one year's subscription to each of the charitable institutions of which he is a member at his death, in addition to the subscription due or current; and legacies and annuities to sister, nieces, and others. He leaves one seventh of the residue of his real and personal estate to each of his sons, Joseph, Thomas Welch, and Frederick Welch; one seventh, as to so much as will produce £150 per annum, upon trust, for his son John, and as to the remainder to him absolutely; one seventh, to be held upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Sarah Gover; one seventh, upon trust, for the husband and children of his late daughter, Mrs. Jane Edge; and one seventh, as to so much as will produce £350 per annum, upon trust, for the benefit of his daughter Eliza Burrows, with power to appoint £1500 at her death among his children and their children; and as to the remainder of the last-named seventh share for his other children. Various sums given or lent to his children are to be brought into account.

The Scotch Confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 24, 1889), of Sir John Campbell Brown, K.C.B., Surgeon-General, Bengal Army, retired, late of 1, Atholl-crescent, Edinburgh, who died on July 27 last, granted to the Rev. Thomas Brown, D.D., John James Graham Brown, M.D., the nephew, James Patrick Bannerman, Robert Craigie Bell, and John Crommelin Brown, the son, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £15,000.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1877), with three codicils (dated April 5, 1881, and March 15 and Nov. 8, 1886), of the Rev. Thomas Collyer, Rector of Gislingham, Suffolk, who died on May 2 last, was proved on Sept. 23 by Mrs. Emma Collyer, the widow, the Rev. John Tagg, and Edgar George Barnes, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator gives £500, his furniture, plate, a few of his pictures (the remainder are to be sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co.), wines, household stores and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; his dwelling-house at Norwich to his wife, for life; £105 to each of his executors, the Rev. J. Tagg and Dr. Barnes; £500 to his son George; £250 to his son Charles; £5250 to each of his children by his present wife; an annuity of £52 to his son John Harrison; £50 per annum to his daughter Elizabeth Charlotte Joddrell, until she becomes entitled to her share of his residuary estate; £200 to Ellen Ripper; and ten shillings per week to Matilda Ripper, for life, and then to her daughter, Ellen Ripper, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, until his youngest child by her attains twenty-one, she maintaining sons under twenty-one, and daughters under that age and not having been married. On his youngest child attaining twenty-one, he leaves £300 per annum to his wife, for life, and the ultimate residue between all his children (except his son John Harrison) in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1888), of Mr. Henry Lammin, late of Purley Lodge, New

Park-road, Brixton, who died on Aug. 26 last, was proved on Sept. 23 by George Henry Sanday and John Banks, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. Among other specific bequests the testator bequeaths three water-colour drawings by Davidson, and a copy of one of Turner's pictures signed by Ruskin, to Sophia Clayton; the remainder of his old and valuable or ornamental china, oil paintings, and water-colour drawings he bequeaths to the Nottingham Castle Museum, Nottingham. He also bequeaths £500 to the Newark-upon-Trent Hospital and Dispensary; £50 each to the Nottingham General Hospital and the Nottingham Eye Infirmary; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his three nieces, Mary Rose Lammin, Jessie Mackenzie Lammin, and Caroline Lammin.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1881) of Mr. Francis Nathaniel Dancer, formerly of Little Sutton, Chiswick, and late of 21, Gordon-road, Ealing, who died on June 29 last, was proved on Sept. 29 by Mrs. Frances Charlotte Dancer, the widow, and Miss Amy Dancer, the niece, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator gives his household goods and effects to his wife; and leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his son Walter Dancer.

The will and codicil (both dated Feb. 18, 1889) of Mrs. Lucy Barry, late of 24, Oxford-square, who died on Aug. 30 last, were proved on Sept. 26 by Captain Lionel Edward Barry, the son, John Wolfe Barry, C.E., and Miss Elizabeth Mortimer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 and her jewellery, wearing apparel, &c., to her daughter, Hilda Lucy, and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for said son Lionel Edward.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 25, 1890), of Mr. Alfred Thomas West, late of Wyfold, The Grove, Ilkley, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Sept. 29 by Mrs. Elizabeth West, the widow, and Walter Joseph West, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator leaves £250 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, horses, carriages, and household effects to his wife; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1890) of Captain Francis Gore Currie, formerly of the 79th Regiment, late of 19, Rue Mazarin, Paris, and of the Army and Navy Club, who died on Aug. 17 last, at Glion, Canton Vaud, Switzerland, was proved on Sept. 23 by Bertram Wodehouse Currie, the cousin and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, upon trust, for Rosine Banks, for life, and then for her son, Percy Banks; £100 and an annuity of £80 to his faithful attendant, Madame Philippe Steinbrucker; £1000 each to his cousins, Godfrey Webb and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; £2000 to Margaret Wodehouse; and his furniture and effects at 19, Rue Mazarin to Laurence Currie. The residue of his estate he gives to his sister, Georgina Gore Currie.

The awards of scholarships and distribution of medals and prizes to successful students of University College, Liverpool, took place at St. George's Hall on Oct. 4. The chair was taken by the president, Lord Derby, and the introductory address was delivered by Sir James Paget.

INTERNATIONAL LITERARY CONGRESS.

The Twelfth Session of the International Literary and Artistic Association, that was inaugurated at the Mansion House on Oct. 4, resumed its sitting on the 6th, in the old Ball-room of the Mansion House.

The delegates, among whom are numbered representatives of all European nations, met in the afternoon, and M. Ratisbonne having been unanimously elected chairman, a paper was read by M. Eugène Pouillet on "The Right of Translation." Effect was given to M. Pouillet's arguments by the adoption of a resolution, which asserted that the right of translation was necessarily included in the right of reproduction forming the copyright. In the evening the delegates were entertained by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress to a banquet in the Mansion House. The company included Mrs. Lynn Linton (who sat at the right of the Lord Mayor); M. Emile Richard, President of the Municipal Council of Paris; M. Eugène Pouillet, President of the Congress; Dr. W. H. Russell, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., Mr. J. M'Neill Whistler, Mr. Edmund Yates, Alderman Stuart Knill, Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Brinsley Richards, Mr. Campbell Clarke, Mr. Frank Hill, Mr. F. Greenwood, Mr. Deputy Halse, Sir John Monckton, Mr. Karl Blind, Major Burnaby, Mr. G. J. W. Winzar, and Mr. W. J. Soulsby. During the dinner the Lord Mayor took occasion to express the great pleasure which he felt in receiving the delegates as his guests, and in offering them the hospitalities of the Mansion House. His Lordship then explained for the benefit of his Continental guests the significance of passing the loving cup, and thereafter the ancient ceremony was observed in a manner which indicated that those among the company to whom it was a novelty fully appreciated the sentiments which it expresses. In proposing the toast of "Fraternity to men, nations, and letters" the Lord Mayor, who spoke in French, expressed the hope that those who directed the currents of public opinion would always continue to direct them so that they might contribute to the happiness of the human family. M. Ratisbonne, in response, congratulated Englishmen upon the freedom which they had achieved, and the honourable position which literature occupied in the community. M. Pouillet also replied, and Mr. Edmund Yates and M. Oppert acknowledged the toast on behalf of Literature, Mr. M'Neill Whistler on behalf of Art, and Mr. Sheriff Harris on behalf of the Drama. Other toasts of a complimentary nature followed.

The meeting continued until the 11th, the Congress holding its daily sittings from three to five o'clock. Among the questions for discussion were the diplomatic convention in respect of copyright at Berne, American copyright, copyright in dramatic and musical works, copyright in matters of journalism and photography, the adaptation of literary works for the stage, contracts between authors and editors, and various other subjects of interest to literary men, artists, and composers. The Lord Mayor was the head of the London Reception Committee.

The People's Concert Society began a series of weekly concerts at the Townhall, Poplar, on Oct. 4; another series, at the Westminster Townhall, on Sunday evenings, commencing on the 5th. A third will begin, at the Bermondsey Townhall, on Friday, Nov. 7. The programmes consist of classical chamber music, vocal and instrumental; and the prices are nominal. At the Sunday concerts there is no charge for admission, but a collection is made to defray expenses.

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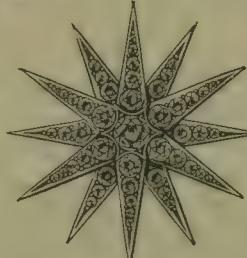
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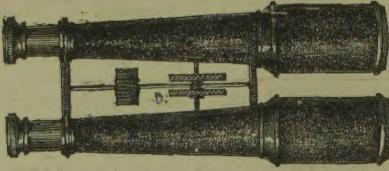
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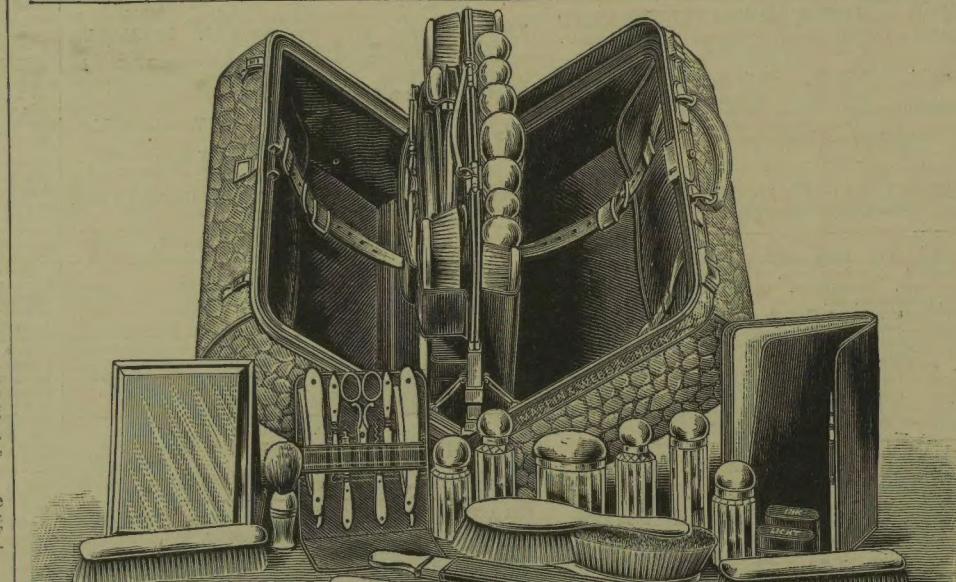
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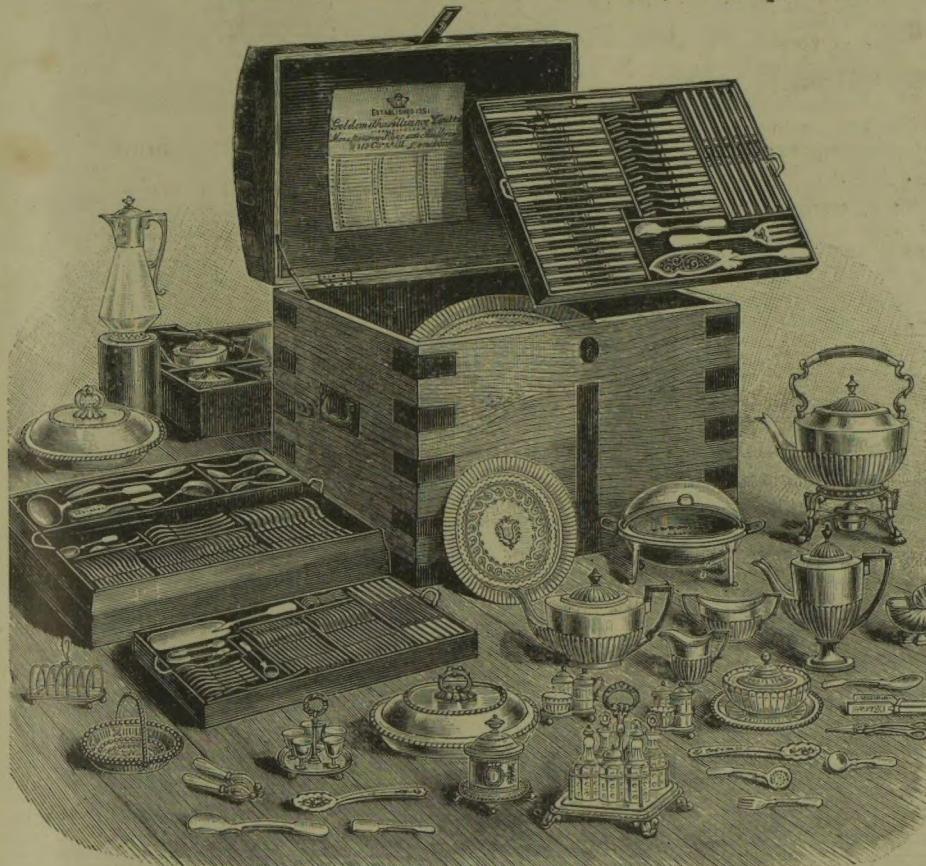
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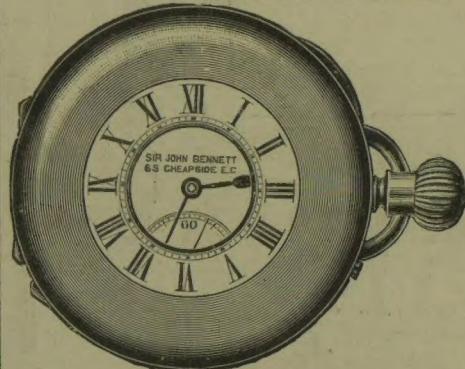
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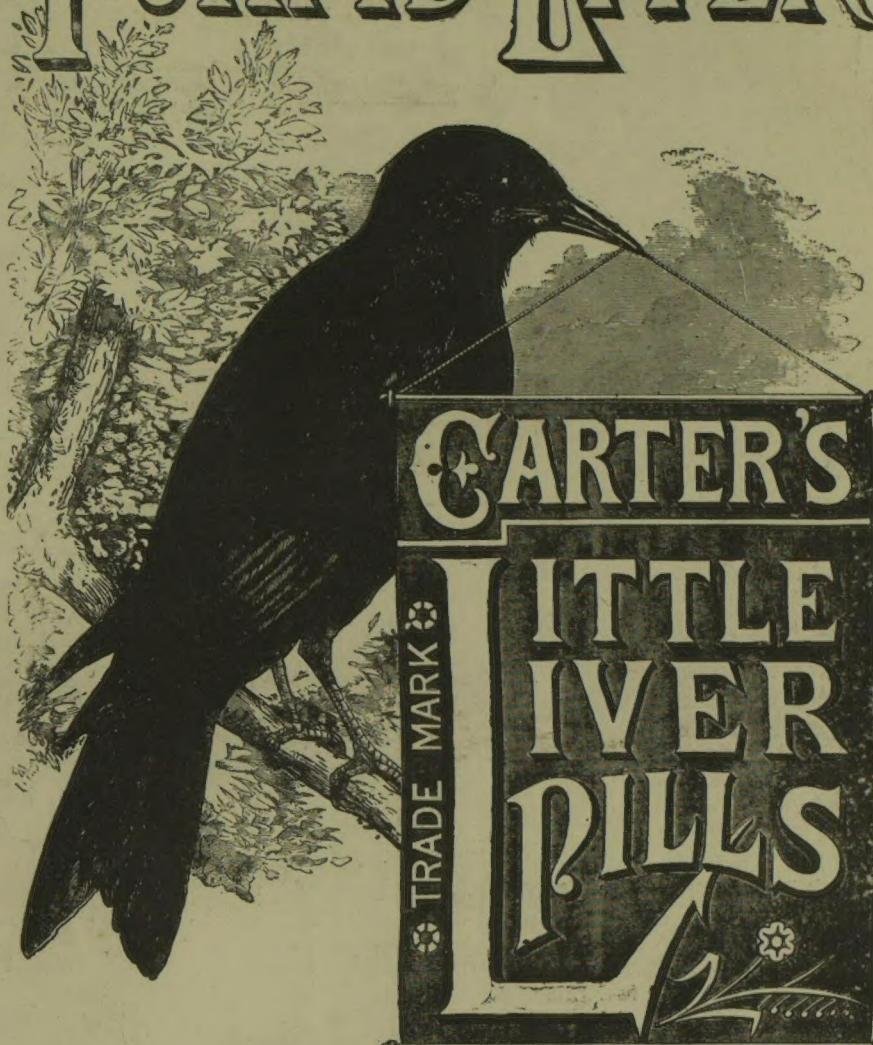
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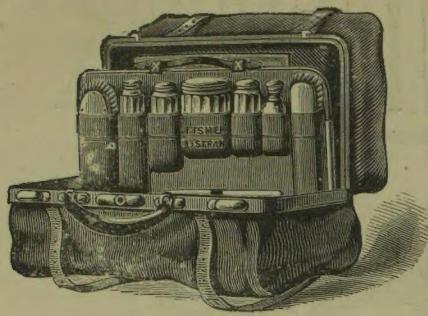
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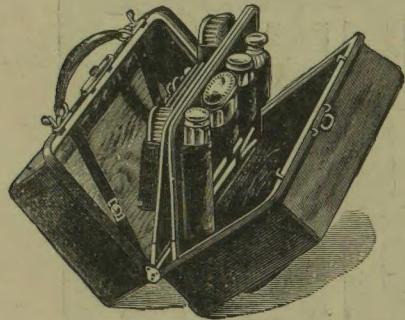
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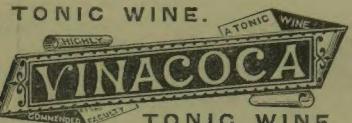
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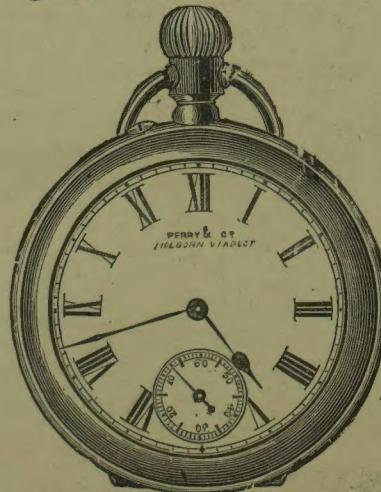
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